







# THE BAB BALLADS



MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED  
LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA • MADRAS  
MELBOURNE

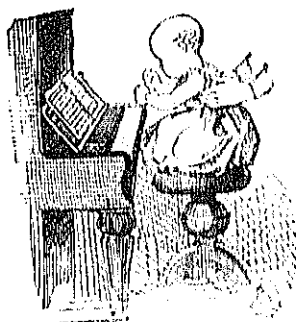
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO  
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.  
TORONTO

# THE BAB BALLADS

BY

W. S. GILBERT



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

THE AUTHOR

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED  
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1926

COPYRIGHT

*Transferred to Macmillan and Co., U.S.A., Inc.  
First published in "Illustrated Pocket Classics"  
Reprinted 1916.*

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN  
BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE

# CONTENTS

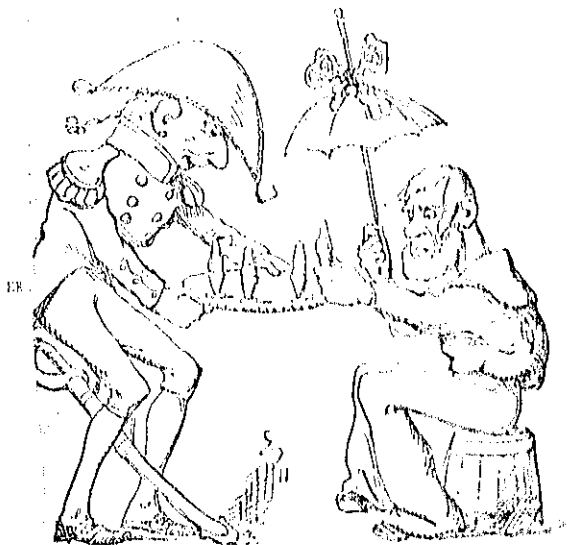
	PAGE
N REECE . . . . .	1
VAL CURATES . . . . .	6
DANCING GIRL . . . . .	11
JOHN . . . . .	13
LITTLE MAID . . . . .	17
AND FREDDY . . . . .	19
THE CRUSADER . . . . .	23
ED . . . . .	27
SHOP AND THE 'BUSMAN . . . . .	30
BOUBADOUR . . . . .	33
INDO AND ELVIRA; OR, THE GENTLE FIERMAN . . . . .	36
DE LARDY . . . . .	43
HONED . . . . .	48
'S LOVE . . . . .	54
BRIDE . . . . .	58
LLY OF BROWN . . . . .	63
SKLIN . . . . .	66
ERN OF THE "NANCY BELL" . . . . .	70
SHOP OF KUM-TI-FOO . . . . .	74
ECOCIOUS BABY . . . . .	78
ENE . . . . .	83
CAREW, GENTLEMAN . . . . .	86
A WINTERBOTTOM HANCE . . . . .	91
EVEREND MICAH SOWLS . . . . .	96
CONTENTED SUGAR BROKER . . . . .	100
INTOMIME "SUPER" TO HIS MASTER . . . . .	105
ORCE OF ARGUMENT . . . . .	107



# Contents

THE GHOST, THE GALLANT, THE GOLF, AND THE PHANTOM CURATE	1
THE MESSENGER CAPTAIN	2
TEMPORA MUTANTUR	3
AT A PANTOMIME	4
KING BORDIA BUNGALOW BOG	5
THE PERIWINKLE GIRL	6
THOMSON GREEN AND HARRIET HALE	7
BOB POTTER	8
THE STORY OF PRINCE AGRI	9
ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN	10
PETER THE WAG	11
BEN ALLAH ACHMET ; OR, THE FATAL TUN	12
THE THREE KINGS OF CHICKERABOG	13
JOE GOLIGHTLY ; OR, THE FIRST LORD'S DA	14
TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE	15
GENTLE ALICE BROWN	16
INDEX TO FIRST LINES	17

# THE BAB BALLADS



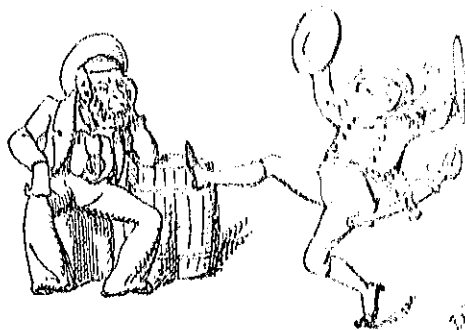
## CAPTAIN REECE

OF all the ships upon the blue  
No ship contained a better crew  
Than that of worthy CAPTAIN REECE,  
Commanding of *The Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men,  
For worthy CAPTAIN REECE, R.N.,  
Did all that lay within him to  
Promote the comfort of his crew.

## Captain Reece

If ever they were dull or sad,  
Their captain danced to them like mad,  
Or told, to make the time pass by,  
Droll legends of his infancy.



A feather bed had every man,  
Warm slippers and hot-water can,  
Brown windsor from the captain's store,  
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn?  
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,  
And on all very sultry days  
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops  
Stood handily on all the "tops";  
And, also, with amusement rife,  
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

## Captain Reece

New volumes came across the sea  
From METER MUDGE'S library;  
*The Times* and *Saturday Review*  
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted CAPTAIN REECE, R.N.,  
Was quite devoted to his men;  
In point of fact, good CAPTAIN REECE  
Beatified *The Muntelpice*.

One summer eve, at half past ten,  
He said (addressing all his men):  
"Come, tell me, please, what I can do  
To please and gratify my crew?"

"By any reasonable plan  
I'll make you happy, if I can;  
My own convenience count *as nil*;  
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered WILLIAM LEE  
(The kindly captain's crosswain he,  
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man),  
He cleared his throat and thus began:

"You have a daughter, CAPTAIN REECE,  
Ten female cousins and a niece,  
A ma, if what I'm told is true,  
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,  
More friendly-like we all should be  
If you united of 'em to  
Unmarried members of the crew.

## Captain Reece

"If you'd ameliorate our life,  
Let each select from them a wife;  
And as for nervous me, old pal,  
Give me your own enchanting girl!"

Good CAPTAIN REECE, that worthy man,  
Debated on his boatswain's plan:  
"I quite agree," he said, "O BILL;  
It is my duty, and I will."

"My daughter, that enchanting girl,  
Has just been promised to an earl,  
And all my other familiee,  
To peers of various degree."

"But what are dukes and viscounts to  
The happiness of all my crew?  
The word I gave you I'll fulfil;  
It is my duty, and I will."

"As you desire it shall befall,  
I'll settle thousands on you all,  
And I shall be, despite my board,  
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of *The Mantelpiece*,  
He blushed and spoke to CAPTAIN REECE.  
"I beg your honour's leave," he said,  
"If you would wish to go and wed,"

"I have a widowed mother who  
Would be the very thing for you—  
She long has loved you from afar,  
She washes for you, CAPTAIN R."

## Captain Reece

The captain saw the dame that day—  
Addressed her in his playful way—  
“And did it want a wedding ring?  
It was a tempting ickle sing!

“Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,  
We’ll all be married this day week—  
At yonder church upon the hill;  
It is my duty, and I will!”

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,  
And widowed ma of CAPTAIN REECE,  
Attended there as they were bid;  
It was their duty, and they did.





## THE RIVAL CURATES

Let while the poet trolls  
Of Mr. CLAYTON HOOPER,  
Who had a cure of souls  
At Spiffon-extra-Soper.

He lived on curds and whey,  
And daily sang their praises;  
And then he'd go and play  
With buttercups and daisies.

Wild croquet Hooper banned,  
And all the sports of Mammon;  
He warred with cribbage, and  
He exercised backgammon.

His helmet was a glacier  
That spoke of holy gladness;  
A saintly smile his lance,  
His shield a tear of sadness.

## The Rival Curates

His Vicar smiled to see  
This armour on him buckled ;  
With pardonable glee  
He blessed himself and chuckled :

"In mildness to abound  
My curate's sole design is,  
In all the country round  
There's none so mild as mine is!"

And Hooper, disinclined  
His trumpet to be blowing,  
Yet didn't think you'd find  
A milder curate going.

A friend arrived one day  
At Spiffon-extra-Soofer,  
And in this shameful way  
He spoke to Mr. Hooper :

"You think your famous name  
For mildness can't be shaken,  
That none can blot your fame --  
But, Hooper, you're mistaken!"

"Your mind is not as blank  
As that of Hopley Porter,  
Who holds a curate's rank  
At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.

"He plays the airy flute,  
And looks depressed and blighted,  
Doves round about him 'toot,'  
And lambskins dance delighted.



## The Rival Curates



"He labours more than you  
At worsted work, and names it ;  
In old maids' albums, too,  
Sticks seaweed—yes, and names it !"

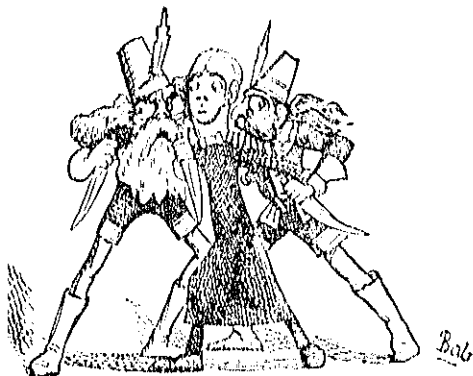
The tempter said his say,  
Which pierced him like a needle—  
He summoned straight away  
His sexton and his beadle.

These men were men who could  
Hold liberal opinions ;  
On Sundays they were good —  
On week-days they were minions.

"To HOLLEY PORTER go,  
Your fare I will afford you—  
Deal him a deadly blow,  
And blessings shall reward you.

## The Rival Curates

"But stay—I do not like  
Undue assassination,  
And so, before you strike,  
Make this communication



"I'll give him this one chance—  
If he'll more gaily bear him,  
Play crôquet, smoke, and dance,  
I willingly will spare him."

They went, those minions true,  
To Assesmilk-cum-Worter,  
And told their errand to  
The REVEREND HOPLEY PORTER.

"What?" said that reverend gent,  
"Dance through my hours of leisure?  
Smoke?—bathe myself with scent?—  
Play crôquet? Oh, with pleasure!"

## The Rival Curates

"Wear all my hair in curl,  
Stand at my door, and wail  
At every passing girl?  
My brothers, I should think!



"For years I've longed for some  
Excuse for this revulsion:  
Now that excuse has come  
I do it on compulsion!!!"

He smoked and winked away  
This REVEREND HOPLEY PORTER  
The deuce there was to pay  
At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.

And Hooper holds his ground,  
In mildness daily growing --  
They think him, all around,  
The mildest curate going.



## ONLY A DANCING GIRL.

ONLY a dancing girl,  
With an unromantic style,  
With borrowed colour and curl,  
With fixed mechanical smile,  
With many a hackneyed wile,  
With ungrammatical lips,  
And corns that mar her trips!

Hung from the "flies" in air,  
She acts a palpable lie;  
She's as little a fairy there  
As unpoetical I!

I hear you asking, Why—  
Why in the world I sing  
This tawdry, tinselled thing?

## Only a Dancing Girl

No dixie, tany-shin,

As she has come at one time  
From a highly respectable place.

In a highly respectable scene  
(Herself is a very clean)

Let boys don't bother, I'm told,  
From bumping, crawling, or cold.

And stately dances that bring

Then daughters there to see,

Pronounce the "dancing thing."

No better than she should be

With her skirt at her shamedell

And her painted, tainted plaid

Ah, matron, which of us is?

(And, in sooth, it oft occurs

That while these matrons sigh,

Their dresses are lower than hers,

And sometimes half as high;

And their hair is hair they buy,

And they use their glasses, too,

In a way she'd blush to do.)

But change her gold and green  
For a coarse merino gown,

And see her upon the scene  
Of her home, when coaxing down

Her drunken father's frown,  
In his squalid cheerless den:

She's a fairy truly, then!



## GENERAL JOHN

THE bravest names for fire and flames  
 And all that mortal dust,  
 WERE GENERAL JOHN and PRIVATE JAMES,  
 Of the Sixty-seventy-first.

GENERAL JOHN was a soldier tried,  
 A chief of warlike dons ;  
 A haughty stride and a withering pride  
 WERE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN'S.

A sneer would play on his martial phiz,  
 Superior birth to show ;  
 "Pish !" was a favourite word of his,  
 And he often said "Ho ! ho !"

## General John

FULL-PRIVATE JAMES described might be  
As a man of a mournful mind;  
No characteristic trait had he  
Of any distinctive kind.

From the ranks, one day, cried PRIVATE!  
"Oh! MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN,  
I've doubts of our respective names,  
My mournful mind upon.



"A glimmering thought occurs to me  
(Its source I can't unearth),  
But I've a kind of a notion we  
Were cruelly changed at birth.

"I've a strange idea that each other's name  
We've each of us here got on.  
Such things have been," said PRIVATE JAMES  
"They have!" sneered GENERAL JOHN.

## General John

'My GENERAL JOHN, I swear upon  
My oath I think 'tis so———"  
'Pish!' proudly sneered his GENERAL JOHN,  
And he also said "Ho! ho!"

'My GENERAL JOHN! my GENERAL JOHN!  
My GENERAL JOHN!" quoth he,  
'This aristocratical sneer upon  
Your face I blush to see!

"No truly great or generous cove  
Deserving of them names,  
Would sneer at a fixed idea that's drove  
In the mind of a PRIVATE JAMES!"



Said GENERAL JOHN, "Upon your claims  
No need your breath to waste;  
If this is a joke, FULL-PRIVATE JAMES,  
It's a joke of doubtful taste.



## General John

"But, being a man of doubtless worth,  
If you feel certain quite  
That we were probably changed at birth  
I'll venture to say you're right."

So GENERAL JOHN IS PRIVATE JAMES  
Fell in, parade upon ;  
And PRIVATE JAMES, by change of name  
Was MAJOR GENERAL JOHN.



## TO A LITTLE MAID

BY A POLICEMAN

Come with me, little maid !  
Nay, shrink not, thus afraid :—  
I'll harm thee not !  
Fly not, my love, from me—  
I have a home for thee—

A fairy grot,  
Where mortal eye  
Can rarely pry,  
There shall thy dwelling be !

List to me, while I tell  
The pleasures of that cell,  
Oh, little maid !  
What though its couch be rude—  
Homely the only food  
Within its shade ?  
No thought of care  
Can enter there,  
No vulgar swain intrude !

# To a Little Maid

Come with me, little maid,  
Come to the rocky shore

I love to roam;

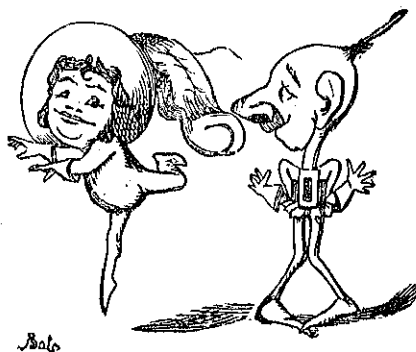
Live with us, maiden rare,  
Come, for we'll wait for thee there,

Thou shalt find us,

To work thy spell,

In some cool cell

In stately Pentonville!



## JOHN AND FREDDY

JOHN courted lovely MARY ANN,  
 So likewise did his brother, FREDDY.  
 FRED was a very soft young man,  
 While JOHN, though quick, was most unsteady.

FRED was a graceful kind of youth,  
 But JOHN was very much the strongest.  
 "Oh, dance away," said she, "in truth,  
 I'll marry him who dances longest."

JOHN tries the maiden's taste to strike  
 With gay, grotesque, outrageous dresses,  
 And dances comically, like  
 CLODOCHE AND CO., at the Princess's.

But FREDDY tries another style,  
 He knows some graceful steps and does 'em—  
 Breathing Poem—Woman's smile—  
 A man all poesy and buzzem.

## JOHN AND FREDDY

Now FREDDY'S operatic *pas*

Now JOHNNY'S hornpipe seems entrapp

Now FREDDY'S graceful *entrechats*

Now JOHNNY'S skillful "cellar clappings"

For many hours—for many days—

For many weeks performed each brother

For each was active in his ways,

And neither would give in to either.



After a month of this, they say  
(The maid was getting bored and moody  
A wandering curate passed that way  
And talked a lot of goody-goody.

"Oh my," said he, with solemn frown,  
"I tremble for each dancing *frater*,  
Like unregenerated clown  
And harlequin at some the-ater."

## John and Freddy

He showed that men, in dancing, do  
Both impiously and absurdly,  
And proved his proposition true,  
With Firstly, Secondly, and Thirdly.

For months both JOHN and FREDDY danced,  
The curate's protests little heeding ;  
For months the curate's words enhanced  
The sinfulness of their proceeding.



At length they bowed to Nature's rule—  
Their steps grew feeble and unsteady,  
Till FREDDY fainted on a stool,  
And JOHNNY on the top of FREDDY.

"Decide!" quoth they, "let him be named,  
Who henceforth as his wife may rank you."  
"I've changed my views," the maiden said,  
"I only marry curates, thank you!"

## John and Freddy

Says Freddy, "Here is your son!  
To bid myself with a kiss I'm ready,  
"I'll be a crumple!" whispers John.  
"And I," exclaimed pretty Fanny.

But while they read to it, these chaps,  
The crumple looked the man in the cap,  
And when she's buried him, perhaps,  
She'll marry Freddy rich or John.





## SIR GUY THE CRUSADER

SIR GUY was a doughty crusader,  
A muscular knight,  
Ever ready to fight,  
A very determined invader,  
And DICKEY DE LION'S delight.

LENORE was a Saracen maiden,  
Brunette, statuesque,  
The reverse of grotesque,  
Her pa was a bagman from Aden,  
Her mother she played in burlesque.

A *coryphée*, pretty and loyal,  
In amber and red  
The ballet she led;  
Her mother performed at the Royal,  
LENORE at the Saracen's Head.



## Sir Guy the Crusader

Of face and of figure majestic,  
She dazzled the cits—  
Ecstaticised pits ;—  
Her troubles were only domestic,  
But drove her half out of her wits.



Her father incessantly lashed her,  
On water and bread  
She was grudgingly fed ;  
Whenever her father he thrashed her  
Her mother sat down on her head.

Guy saw her, and loved her, with reason  
For beauty so bright  
Sent him mad with delight ;  
He purchased a stall for the season,  
And sat in it every night.

## Sir Guy the Crusader

His views were exceedingly proper,  
He wanted to wed,  
So he called at her shed  
And saw her progenitor whop her—  
Her mother sit down on her head.



“So pretty,” said he, “and so trusting!  
You brute of a dad,  
You unprincipled cad,  
Your conduct is really disgusting,  
Come, come, now admit it's too bad!

“You're a turbaned old Turk, and malignant—  
Your daughter LENORE  
I intensely adore,  
And I cannot help feeling indignant,  
A fact that I hinted before;

## Sir Guy the Crusader

"To see a fond father employing  
A deuce of a knout  
For to bang her about,  
To a sensitive lover's annoying,"  
Said the bagman, "Crusader, get on."

Says Guy, "Shall a warrior laden  
With a big spiky knob,  
Sit in peace on his cob  
While a beautiful Saracen maiden  
Is whipped by a Saracen snob?"

"To London I'll go from my charmer,"  
Which he did, with his loot  
(Seven hats and a flute),  
And was nabbed for his Sydenham arse  
At Mr. BEN-SAMUEL's suit.

SIR GUY he was lodged in the Compter;  
Her pa, in a rage,  
Died (don't know his age),  
His daughter, she married the prompter  
Grew bulky and quitted the stage.



## HAUNTED

HAUNTED? Ay, in a social way,  
 By a body of ghosts in a dread array:  
 But no conventional spectres they—  
     Appalling, grim, and tricky:  
 I quail at mine as I'd never quail  
 At a fine traditional spectre pale,  
 With a turnip head and a ghostly wail,  
     And a splash of blood on the dicky!

Mine are horrible social ghosts,  
 Speeches and women and guests and hosts,  
 Weddings and morning calls and toasts,  
     In every bad variety:  
 Ghosts that hover about the grave  
 Of all that's manly, free, and brave:  
 You'll find their names on the architrave  
     Of that charnel-house, Society.

## Haunted

Black Monday—black as its school-boy night,  
With its dismal boys that smelt of rotting  
Of nauseous messes to eat and sleep,  
And a frozen tank to wash in;  
That was the first that brought me grief  
And made me weep, till I sought to blot  
In an emblematical handkerchief  
To choke such baby hoshen.

First and worst in the grim array  
Ghosts of ghosts that have gone their way,  
Which I wouldn't revive for a hundred day  
For all the wealth of Plutus;  
Are the horrible ghosts that school-days sap  
If the classical ghost that Brutus dared  
Was the ghost of his "Cesar" unprepared,  
I'm sure I pity BRUTUS.

I pass to critical seventeen;  
The ghost of that terrible wedding scene,  
When an elderly colonel stole my queen,  
And woke my dream of heaven;  
No school-girl decked in her nursery eunib,  
Was my gushing innocent queen of prairie;  
If she wasn't a girl of a thousand girls,  
She was one of forty-seven!

I see the ghost of my first cigar  
Of the thence-arising family jar  
Of my maiden brief (I was at the bar),  
When I called the judge "Your worship"  
Of reckless days and reckless nights,  
With wrenched-off knockers, extinguished by  
Unholy songs, and tipsy fights,  
Which I strove in vain to hush up.

## Haunted

**G**hosts of fraudulent joint-stock banks,  
**G**hosts of copy, "declined with thanks,"  
**O**f novels returned in endless ranks,  
And thousands more, I suffer.

**T**he only line to fitly grace  
**M**y humble tomb, when I've run my race,  
**I**s "Reader, this is the resting-place  
Of an unsuccessful duffer."

**I**'ve fought them all, these ghosts of mine,  
**B**ut the weapons I've used are sighs and brine,  
**A**nd now that I'm nearly forty-nine,  
Old age is my only bogey;  
**F**or my hair is thinning away at the crown,  
**A**nd the silver fights with the worn-out brown;  
**A**nd a general verdict sets me down  
As an irreclaimable fogey.



## THE BISHOP AND THE 'BUSMAN

It was a Bishop bold,  
And London was his see,  
He was short and stout and round about  
And zealous as could be.

It also was a Jew,  
Who drove a Putney 'bus—  
For flesh of swine however fine  
He did not care a cuss.

His name was HASH BAZ BEN,  
And JEDEDIAH too,  
And SOLOMON and ZABULON—  
This 'bus-directing Jew.

## The Bishop and the 'Busman

The Bishop said, said he,  
"I'll see what I can do  
To Christianise and make you wise,  
You poor benighted Jew."

On every blessed day  
That 'bus he rode outside,  
From Fulham town, both up and down,  
And loudly thus he cried :

His name is HASH BAZ BEN,  
And JEDEDIAH too,  
And SOLOMON and ZABULON—  
This 'bus-directing Jew."



First the 'busman smiled,  
And rather liked the fun—  
He merely smiled, that Hebrew child,  
And said, "Eccentric one!"



## The Bishop and the 'Busman

And gay young dogs would wait  
To see the 'bus go by  
(These gay young dogs, in striking togs  
To hear the Bishop cry :

"Observe his grisly beard,  
His race it clearly shows,  
He sticks no fork in ham or pork—  
Observe, my friends, his nose.

"His name is HASH BAZ BEN.  
And JEDEDIAH too,  
And SOLOMON and ZABULON—  
'This 'bus-directing Jew."

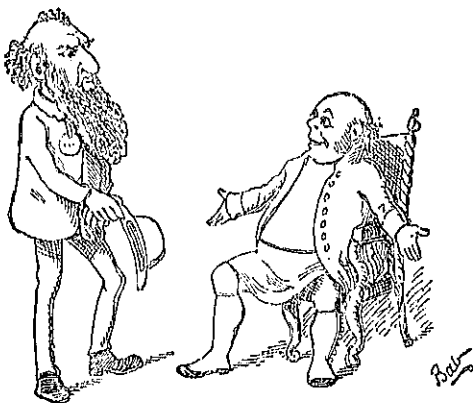
But though at first amused,  
Yet after seven years,  
This Hebrew child got rather riled,  
And melted into tears.

He really almost feared  
To leave his poor abode,  
His nose, and name, and beard became  
A byword on that road.

At length he swore an oath,  
The reason he would know—  
"I'll call and see why ever he  
Does persecute me so !"

## The Bishop and the 'Busman

The good old Bishop sat  
On his ancestral chair,  
The 'busman came, sent up his name,  
And laid his grievance bare.



"Benighted Jew," he said  
(The good old Bishop did),  
"Be Christian, you, instead of Jew—  
Become a Christian kid!

"I'll ne'er annoy you more."  
"Indeed?" replied the Jew;  
"Shall I be freed?" "You will, indeed!"  
Then "Done!" said he, "with you!"

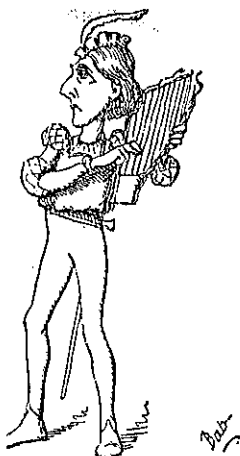
The organ which, in man,  
Between the eyebrows grows,  
Fell from his face, and in its place  
He found a Christian nose.

## The Bishop and the 'Busman

His tangled Hebrew beard,  
Which to his waist came down,  
Was now a pair of whiskers fair—  
His name ADOLPHUS BROWN!

He wedded in a year  
That prelate's daughter JANE,  
He's grown quite fair—has auburn hair—  
His wife is far from plain.





## THE TROUBADOUR

TROUBADOUR he played  
Without a castle wall,  
thin, a hapless maid  
Responded to his call.

Oh, willow, woe is me !  
Alack and well-a-day !  
I were only free  
I'd hie me far away ! ”

Unknown her face and name,  
But this he knew right well,  
The maiden's wailing came  
From out a dungeon cell.

## The Troubadour

A hapless woman lay  
Within that prison grim;  
That fact, I've heard him say  
Was quite enough for him.

"I will not sit or lie,  
Or eat or drink, I vow,  
Till thou art free as I,  
Or I as pent as thou!"

Her tears then ceased to flow,  
Her wails no longer rang;  
And tuneful in her woe  
The prisoned maiden sang.

"Oh, stranger, as you play  
I recognise your touch;  
And all that I can say  
Is thank you very much!"

He seized his cithren straight,  
And blew thereto, until  
A warder oped the gate,  
"Oh, what might be your w-

"I've come, sir knave, to see  
The master of these halls:  
A maid unwillingly  
Lies prisoned in their walls."

With barely stifled sigh  
That porter drooped his head  
With teardrops in his eye,  
"A many, sir," he said.

## The Troubadour

He stayed to hear no more,  
But pushed that porter by,  
And shortly stood before  
SIR HUGH DE PECKHAM RYE.

SIR HUGH he darkly frowned,  
"What would you, sir, with me?"  
The troubadour he downed  
Upon his bended knee.



"I've come, DE PECKHAM RYE,  
To do a Christian task,  
You ask me what would I?  
It is not much I ask.

"Release these maidens, sir,  
Whom you dominion o'er—  
Particularly her  
Upon the second floor!

"And if you don't, my lord"—  
He here stood bolt upright.  
And tapped a tailor's sword—  
"Come out at once and fight!"

## 'The Troubadour'

Sir Throff he called—and ran  
The warden from the gate,  
"Go, show that gentleman  
The maid in forty-eight."

By many a cell they passed  
And stopped at length before  
A portal, bolted fast:  
The man unlocked the door.



He called inside the gate  
With coarse and brutal shout,  
"Come, step it, forty-eight!"  
And forty-eight stepped out.

"They gets it pretty hot,  
The maidens wot we catch---  
Two years this lady's got  
For collaring a wotch."

## The Troubadour

"Oh, ah!—indeed—I see,"  
The troubadour exclaimed—  
"If I may make so free,  
How is this castle named?"

The warden's eyelids fill,  
And, sighing, he replied,  
"Of gloomy Pentonville  
This is the Female Side!"

The minstrel did not wait  
The warden stout to thank,  
But recollected straight  
He'd business at the Bank.







FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA  
OR, THE GENTLE PIEMAN

PART I

At a pleasant evening party I had taken down to  
One whom I will call ELVIRA, and we talked of  
TUPPER,

MR. TUPPER and the poets, very lightly with them;  
For I've always been distinguished for a strong  
feeling.

Then we let off paper crackers, each of which contained  
a motto,  
and she listened while I read them, till her motto  
her not to.

Then she whispered, "To the ball-room we had  
dear, be walking;  
stop down here much longer, really people  
walking."

## Ferdinando and Elvira

ere noblemen in coronets, and military cousins,  
ere captains by the hundred, there were baronets  
dozens.

heeded not their offers, but dismissed them with  
blessing ;  
he let down all her back hair which had taken long  
dressing.

he had convulsive sobbings in her agitated throatle,  
he wiped her pretty eyes and smelt her pretty  
elling-bottle.

ispered, "Dear ELVIRA, say—what can the matter  
with you?  
ything you've eaten, darling Porsy, disagree with  
1?"

e of all I said, her sobs grew more and more dis-  
ssing,  
e tore her pretty back hair, which had taken long  
dressing.

e gazed upon the carpet, at the ceiling then above  
e whispered, "FERDINANDO, do you really, *really*  
e me?"

you?" said I, then I sighed, and then I gazed  
n her sweetly—  
ink I do this sort of thing particularly neatly—

ne to the Arctic regions, or illimitable azure,  
cientific goose-chase, with my COXWELL or my  
KISHER.



## LORENZO DE LARDY

DALILAH DE DARDY adored  
The very correctest of cards,  
LORENZO DE LARDY, a lord—  
He was one of Her Majesty's Guards.

DALILAH DE DARDY was fat,  
DALILAH DE DARDY was old—  
(No doubt in the world about that)  
But DALILAH DE DARDY had gold.

LORENZO DE LARDY was tall,  
The flower of maidenly pets,  
Young ladies would love at his call,  
But LORENZO DE LARDY had debts.

## Lorenzo de Lardy

His money-position was queer,  
And one of his favourite freaks  
Was to hide himself three times a year,  
In Paris, for several weeks.

Many days didn't pass him before  
He fanned himself into a flame,  
For a beautiful "DAM DU COMPTOIRE,"  
And this was her singular name:

ALICE EULALIE CORALINE  
EUPHROSINE COLOMBINA THÉRÈSE  
JULIETTE STEPHANIE CELESTINE  
CHARLOTTE RUSSE DE LA SAUCE MAY



She booked all the orders and tin,  
Accoutred in showy fal-lal,  
At a two-fifty Restaurant, in  
The glittering Palais Royal.

## Lorenzo de Lardy

He'd gaze in her orbit of blue,  
Her hand he would tenderly squeeze,  
But the words of her tongue that he knew  
Were limited strictly to these:

"CORALINE CELESTINE EULALIE,  
Houp là ! Je vous aime, oui, monsoo,  
Combien donnez moi aujourd'hui  
Bonjour, Mademoiselle, parlez you."

MADemoiselle DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE  
Was a witty and beautiful miss,  
Extremely correct in her ways,  
But her English consisted of this:

"Oh my! pretty man, if you please,  
Blom boodin, biftak, currie lamb,  
Bouldogue, two franc half, quite ze cheese,  
Rusbif, me spik Angleesh, godam."

A waiter, for seasons before,  
Had basked in her beautiful gaze,  
And burnt to dismember MUROR,  
*He loved* DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE.

He said to her, "Méchante THÉRÈSE,  
Avec désespoir tu m'accables.  
Penses-tu, DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE,  
Ses intentions sont honorables?"

"Flirtez toujours, ma belle, si tu ôses—  
Je me vengerai ainsi, ma chère,  
*Je lui dirai de quoi l'on compose*  
*Vol au vent à la Financière !*"

## Lorenzo de Lardy

LORD LARDY knew nothing of this,  
The waiter's devotion ignored,  
But he gazed on the beautiful miss,  
And never seemed weary or bored.

The waiter would screw up his nerve  
His fingers he'd snap and he'd da  
And LORD LARDY would smile and  
"How strange are the customs of



Well, after delaying a space,  
His tradesmen no longer would wait;  
Returning to England apace,  
He yielded himself to his fate.

LORD LARDY espoused, with a groan,  
Miss DARDY's developing charms,  
And agreed to tag on to his own,  
Her name and her newly-found arms.

## Lorenzo de Lardy

The waiter he knelt at the toes  
Of an ugly and thin coryphée,  
Who danced in the hindermoot rows  
At the Théâtre des Variétés.

### MADemoiselle DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE

Didn't yield to a gnawing despair  
But married a soldier, and plays  
As a pretty and pert Vivandière.





## DISILLUSIONED

BY AN EX-ENTHUSIAST

Oh, that my soul its gods could see  
As years ago they seemed to me  
When first I painted them ;  
Invested with the circumstance  
Of old conventional romance :  
Exploded theorem !

The bard who could, all men above,  
Inflame my soul with songs of love,  
And, with his verse, inspire  
The craven soul who feared to die  
With all the glow of chivalry  
And old heroic fire ;



## Disillusioned

I found him in a beerhouse tap,  
Awaking from a gin-born nap,  
    With pipe and sloven dress ;  
Amusing chums, who fooled his bent,  
With muddy, maudlin sentiment,  
    And tipsy foolishness !

The novelist, whose painting pen  
To legions of fictitious men  
    A real existence lends,  
Brain-people whom we rarely fail,  
Whene'er we hear their names, to hail  
    As old and welcome friends ;

I found in clumsy snuffy suit,  
In seedy glove, and blucher boot,  
    Uncomfortably big,  
Particularly commonplace,  
With vulgar, coarse, stockbroking face,  
    And spectacles and wig.

My favourite actor who, at will,  
With mimic woe my eyes could fill  
    With unaccustomed brine :  
A being who appeared to me  
(Before I knew him well) to be  
    A song incarnadine ;

I found a coarse unpleasant man  
With speckled chin—unhealthy, wan—  
    Of self-importance full :  
Existing in an atmosphere  
That reeked of gin and pipes and beer  
    Conceited, fractious, dull.

## Disillusioned

The warrior whose crippled name  
Is woven with his country's fame,  
Triumphant over all,  
I found weak, palsied, bloated, lean;  
His province seemed to be, to leer  
At bonnets in Pall Mall.

Would that ye always shone, who write  
Bathed in your own arbate limelight,  
And ye who battle wages,  
Or that in darkness I had died  
Before my soul had ever sighed  
To see you off the stage!





## BABETTE'S LOVE

BABETTE she was a fisher gal,  
With jupon striped and cap in crimps.  
She passed her days inside the Halle,  
Or catching little nimble shrimps.  
Yet she was sweet as flowers in May,  
With no professional bouquet.

JACOT was, of the Customs bold,  
An officer, at gay Boulogne,  
He loved BABETTE—his love he told,  
And sighed, "Oh, soyez vous my own!"  
But "Non!" said she, "JACOT, my pet,  
Vous êtes trop scraggy pour BABETTE.

## Babette's Love

"Of one alone I nightly dream,  
An able mariner is he,  
And gaily serves the Chester Steam-  
Boat Navigation Company.  
I'll marry him, if he but will.  
His name, I rather think, is Bill."

"I see him when he's not aware,  
Upon our hospitable coast,  
Reclining with an easy air  
Upon the *Wax* against a post,  
A-thinking of, I'll dare to say,  
His native Chelsea far away!"

"Oh, mon!" exclaimed the Custom-house  
"Mes yeux!" he said (which means)  
"Oh, chère!" he also cried, I'm told,  
"Par Jove," he added, with a sigh,  
"Oh, mon! oh, chère! mes yeux! par Jove!  
Je n'aime pas cet enticing rove!"

The *Panther's* captain stood hand by.  
He was a man of morals strict  
If e'er a sailor winked his eye,  
Straightway he had that sailor flogged,  
Mast-headed all (such was his code)  
Who dashed or jiggered, blessed or blomed

He wept to think a tar of his  
Should lean so gracefully on posts,  
He sighed and sobbed to think of this,  
On foreign, French, and friendly coasts,  
"It's human natur', p'raps—if so,  
Oh, isn't human natur' low!"

## Babette's Love

He called his BILL, who pulled his curl,  
He said, "My BILL, I understand  
You've captivated some young gurl  
On this here French and foreign land.  
Her tender heart your beauties jog—  
They do, you know they do, you dog.



"You have a graceful way, I learn,  
Of leaning airily on posts,  
By which you've been and caused to burn  
A tender flame on these here coasts.  
A fisher gurl, I much regret,—  
Her age, sixteen—her name, BABETTE.

"You'll marry her, you gentle tar—  
Your union I myself will bless,  
And when you matrimonied are,  
I will appoint her stewardess."  
But WILLIAM hitched himself and sighed,  
And cleared his throat, and thus replied:

## Babette's Love

Perhaps the Customs had his will,  
And coaxed the scornful girl to wed,  
Perhaps the Captain and his Bill,  
And WILLIAM'S little wife are dead;  
Or p'raps they're all alive and well;  
I cannot, cannot, cannot tell.





## TO MY BRIDE

(WHOMEVER SHE MAY BE)

Oh! little maid!—(I do not know your name,  
Or who you are, so, as a safe precaution  
I'll add)—Oh, buxom widow! married dame!  
(As one of these must be your present portion)  
Listen, while I unveil prophetic lore for you,  
And sing the fate that Fortune has in store!

You'll marry soon—within a year or twain—  
A bachelor of *circa* two-and-thirty,  
Tall, gentlemanly, but extremely plain,  
And, when you're intimate, you call him "Hank"  
Neat—dresses well; his temper has been checked  
As hasty; but he's very quickly pacified.







## THE FOLLY OF BROWN

By A GENERAL AGENT

I KNEW a bore—a clownish old  
(His only friends were pigs and cows  
The poultry of a small farmyard),  
Who came into two hundred thousa

Good fortune worked no change in **Hi**  
Though she's a mighty social chymist  
He was a clown—and by a clown  
I do not mean a pantomimist.

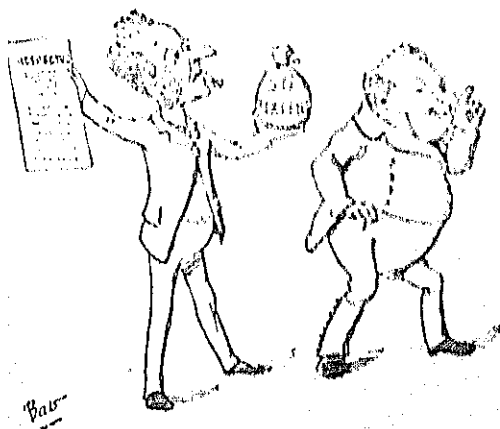
It left him quiet, calm, and cool,  
Though hardly knowing what a **crow**  
You can't imagine what a fool  
Poor rich uneducated Brown was I

## The Folly of Brown

He scouted all who wished to copar  
And give him monetary schooling;  
And I propose to give you some  
Idea of his insensate fooling.

I formed a company or two  
(Of course I don't know what the year meant,  
I formed them solely with a view  
To help him to a sound investment).

Their objects were - their only ones  
To justify their Boards in showing  
A handsome dividend on shares  
And keep their good promoters going.



But no—the lout sticks to his brass,  
Though shares at par I freely proffer:  
Yet—will it be believed?—the ass  
Declines, with thanks, my well-meant offer!

## The Folly of Brown

He adds, with bumpkin's stolid gr  
(A weakly intellect denoting),  
He'd rather not invest it in  
A company of my promoting!

"You have two hundred 'thou' a  
Said I, "You'll waste it, lose it  
Come, take my furnished second I  
I'll gladly show you how to spend!

But will it be believed that he,  
With grin upon his face of pop,  
Declined my aid, while thanking me  
For what he called my "philant

Some blind, suspicious fools rejoice  
In doubting friends who wouldn't  
They will not hear the charmer's voice  
However wisely he may charm!

I showed him that his coat, all due  
Top boots and cuffs provoked  
And proved that men of station must  
Conform to the decrees of fashion

I showed him where to buy his hat  
To coat him, trouser him, and be  
But no—he wouldn't hear of that—  
"He didn't think the style worth

## The Folly of Brown

I offered him a county seat,  
And made no end of an oration ;  
I made it certainly complete,  
And introduced the deputation.

But no—the clown my prospect blights—  
(The worth of birth it surely teaches!)  
“Why should I want to spend my nights  
In Parliament, w-making speeches?”

“I haven't never been to school—  
I ain't had not no education—  
And I should surely be a fool  
To publish that to all the nation!”

I offered him a trotting horse—  
No hack had ever trotted faster—  
I also offered him, of course,  
A rare and curious “old master.”

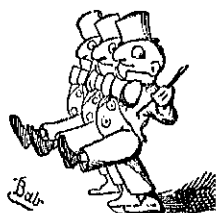
I offered to procure him weeds—  
Wines fit for one in his position—  
But, though an ass in all his deeds,  
He'd learnt the meaning of “commission.”

He called me “thief” the other day,  
And daily from his door he thrusts me ;  
Much more of this, and soon I may  
Begin to think that Brown mistrusts me.

## The Folly of Brown

So deaf to all sound Reason's  
This poor uneducated clown  
You cannot fancy what a fool  
Poor rich uneducated Brown





## SIR MACKLIN

Of all the youths I ever saw  
None were so wicked, vain, or silly,  
So lost to shame and Sabbath law  
As worldly Tom, and Bob, and BILLY.

For every Sabbath day they walked  
(Such was their gay and thoughtless natur')  
In parks or gardens, where they talked  
From three to six, or even later.

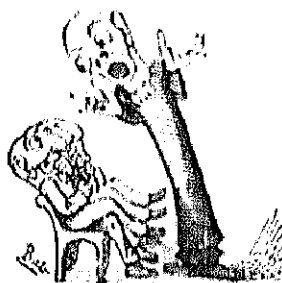
SIR MACKLIN was a priest severe  
In conduct and in conversation,  
It did a sinner good to hear  
Him deal in ratiocination.

He could in every action sho..  
Some sin, and nobody could doubt him.  
He argued high, he argued low,  
He also argued round about him.

## Sir Macklin

He wept to think each thoughtless youth  
Contained of wickedness a skinful,  
And bent to teach the awful truth,  
That walking out on Sunday's sinful.

"Oh, youths," said he, "I grieve to find  
The course of life you've been and hit o  
Sit down," said he, "and never mind  
The pennies for the chairs you sit on.



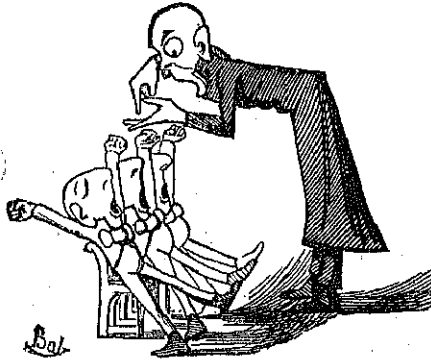
"My opening head is 'Kensington,'  
How walking there the sinner hardens;  
Which when I have engaged upon,  
I go to 'Secondly'—its Gardens.

"My 'Thirdly' comprehendeth 'Hyde,'  
Of Secrecy the guilts and shamesses;  
My 'Fourthly'—'Park'—its verdure wide—  
My 'Fifthly' comprehends 'St. James's.'"

## Sir Macklin

'That matter settled I shall reach  
The 'Sixthly' in my solemn tether,  
And show that what is true of each,  
Is also true of all, together.

'Then I shall demonstrate to you,  
According to the rules of Whately,  
That what is true of all, is true  
Of each, considered separately.'



In lavish stream his accents flow,  
TOM, BOB, and BILLY dare not flout him ;  
He argued high, he argued low,  
He also argued round about him.

"Ha, ha !" he said, "you loathe your ways,  
Repentance on your souls is dawning,  
In agony your hands you raise."  
(And so they did, for they were yawning.)



## Sir Macklin

To "Twenty-firstly" on they go,  
The lads do not attempt to scout him;  
He argued high, he argued low,  
He also argued round about him.

"Ho, ho!" he cries, "you bow your ere  
My eloquence has set you weeping;  
In shame you bend upon your breasts!"  
(They bent their heads, for they were

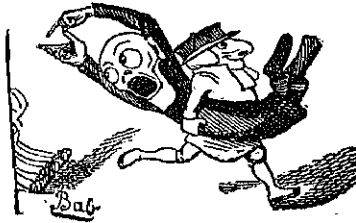


He proved them this—he proved them all  
This good but wearisome ascetic;  
He jumped and thumped upon his hat,  
He was so very energetic.

His bishop at this moment chanced  
To pass, and found the road encumbered  
He noticed how the Churchman clanked,  
And how his congregation slumbered.

## Sir Macklin

The hundred and eleventh head  
The priest completed of his stricture ;  
"Oh, bosh!" the worthy bishop said,  
And walked him off, as in the picture.





## THE YARN OF THE "NANCY"

'Twas on the shores that round our coast  
From Deal to Ramsgate span,  
That I found alone on a piece of stone  
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
And weedy and long was he;  
And I heard this wight on the shore sit  
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* long;  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmate,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

## The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,  
Till I really felt afraid,  
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,  
And so I simply said :

Oh, elderly man, it's little I know  
Of the duties of men of the sea,  
But I'll eat my hand if I understand  
How you can possibly be

At once a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which  
Is a trick all seamen learn,  
And having got rid of a thumping quid,  
He spun this painful yarn :

'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*  
That we sailed to the Indian sea,  
And there on a reef we come to grief,  
Which has often occurred to me.

And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned  
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),  
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men  
Said 'Here I' to the muster-roll.

There was me and the cook and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

## The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"

"For a month we'd neither wittle, nor din,  
Till a lunny we did get,  
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot  
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Yarny's* mate,  
And a delicate dish he made;  
Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bottom tight,  
And he much resembled pig;  
Then we wittled her, did the cook and my,  
On the crew of the captain's pig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,  
And the delicate question, 'Which  
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,  
And we argued it out as such.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshipped me;  
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stid  
In the other clasp's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says 'Tom,  
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.'  
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,  
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear JAMES, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,  
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,  
While I can—and will—cook *you*?'



## The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
And—as I eating be

The last of his chops, why, I almost drops  
For a wessel in sight I see!

"*And I never grin, and I never smile,*  
*And I never had nor play,*

"And I never grin, and I never smile,  
And I never had nor play,  
But I sit and croak, and a single joke  
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a ho'sun fight, and a midshipmate,  
And the crew of the captain's gig!"



## THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO

FROM east and south the holy clan  
Of Bishops gathered, to a man ;  
To Synod, called Pan-Anglican,

In flocking crowds they came.  
Among them was a Bishop, who  
Had lately been appointed to  
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,  
And PETER was his name.

His people—twenty-three in sum—  
They played the eloquent tum-tum,  
And lived on scalps served up in rum—

The only sauce they knew.  
When first good Bishop PETER came  
(For PETER was that Bishop's name),  
To humour them, he did the same  
As they of Rum-ti-Foo.



## The Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo

His flock, the Bishop heard him tell,  
(His name was Pootah, he loved him well,  
And summoned by the sound of bell  
In crowds together came.

"Oh, master, when you get away,  
Oh, Master Pootah, please to say,"  
(They called him Pootah, people say,  
Because it was his name)

He told them all good bye to be,  
And sailed away across the sea,  
At London Bridge that Bishop he  
Arrived once Tuesday night  
And set forth with his homeward stride  
To his Pan-Anglican abode,  
He passed along the Rungole Road  
And saw a gruesome sight

He saw a crowd assembled round  
A person dancing on the ground,  
Who straight began to leap and bound  
With all his might and main  
To see that dancing man he stopped,  
Who twirled and wriggled, skipped and lay  
Then down incontinently dropped,  
And then sprang up again.

The Bishop chuckled at the sight,  
"This style of dancing would delight  
A simple Rum-ti-Foozleite,  
I'll learn it if I can,  
To please the tribe when I get back."  
He begged the man to teach his knock.  
"Right Reverend Sir, in halt a crack,"  
Replied that dancing man.

## The Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo

The dancing man he worked away—  
And taught the Bishop every day—  
The dancer skipped like any fay—  
    Good PETER did the same.  
The Bishop buckled to his task  
With *battements*, cuts, and *pis de basque*  
(I'll tell you, if you care to ask,  
    That PETER was his name).



"Come, walk like this," the dancer said,  
"Stick out your toes—stick in your head  
Stalk on with quick, galvanic tread—  
    Your fingers thus extend ;  
The attitude's considered quaint."  
The weary Bishop, feeling faint,  
Replied, " I do not say it ain't,  
    But Time, my Christian friend."

"We now proceed to something new—  
Dance as the PAYNES and LAURIS do,  
Like this—one, two—one, two—one, t  
    The Bishop, never proud,

## The Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo

But in an overwhelming host  
(His name was FRODO, the great)  
Performed the FAYRI and LAURI feat,  
And putted his thumb a-roud.



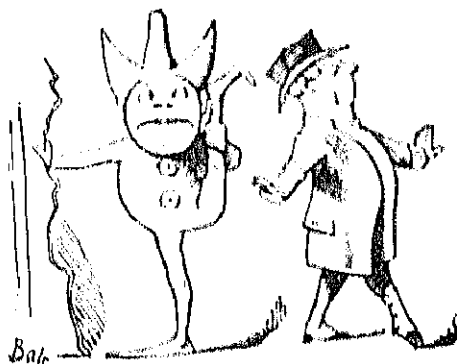
Another game the dancer planned—  
"Just take your ankle in your hand,  
And try, my lord, if you can stand—  
Your body stiff and stark,  
If, when revisiting your sea,  
You learnt to hop on shore—like me—  
The novelty would striking be,  
And must attract remark."

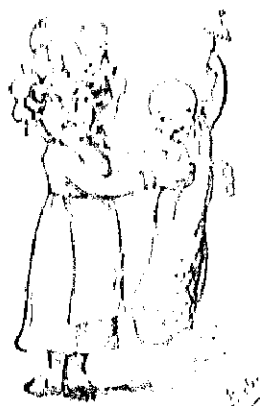
"No," said the worthy Bishop, "No;  
That is a length to which, I trow,  
Colonial Bishops cannot go.  
You may express surprise  
At finding Bishops dead in pride—  
But, if that trick I ever tried,  
I should appear undignified  
In Rum-ti-Foozle's eyes."

# he Bishop of Run-ti-Foo

he islanders of Run-ti-Foo  
are well-conducted persons, who  
prove a joke as much as you,

And laugh at it as such;  
But if they saw the Bishop land,  
His leg supported in his hand,  
The joke they wouldn't understand  
"I would pain them very much!"





## THE PRECOCOUS BABY

A VERY TRUE TALE.

*(To be sung to the Air of the "Whistling Oyster."*

An elderly person—a prophet by trade—  
With his quips and tips  
On withered old lips,  
He married a young and a beautiful maid;  
The cunning old blade,  
Though rather decayed,  
He married a beautiful, beautiful maid.

She was only eighteen, and as fair as could be  
With her tempting smiles  
And maidenly wiles,

## The Precocious Baby

And he was a trifle of seventy-three :  
Now what she could see  
Is a puzzle to me,  
In a prophet of seventy—seventy-three !

Of all their acquaintances bidden (or bade)  
With their loud high jinks  
And underbred winks  
None thought they'd a family have—but they had ;  
A singular lad  
Who drove 'em half mad,  
He proved such a horribly fast little cad.

For when he was born he astonished all by,  
With their "Law, dear me !"  
"Did ever you see."  
He'd a weed in his mouth and a glass in his eye,  
A hat all awry—  
An octagon tie,  
And a miniature—miniature glass in his eye.

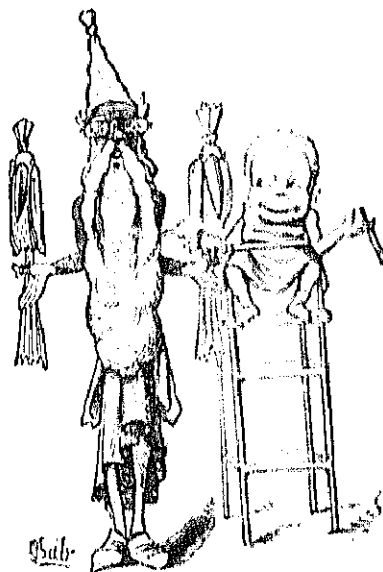
He grumbled at wearing a frock and a cap,  
With his "Oh dear, no !"  
And his "Hang it ! 'oo know !"  
And he turned up his nose at his excellent pap  
"My friends, it's a tap  
Dat is not worf a rap."  
(Now this was remarkably excellent pap.)

He'd chuck his nurse under the chin, and he'd  
With his "Fal, la!, la!"—  
"'Oo doosed fine gal !"



## The Precocious Boy

Wiz 'oo Beauty, Bo-Peep, and 'oo Mrs. Jack-sparrow  
I've noticed 'oo pat  
Mr pretty White-Cat  
I sink dear mamma ought to know about dat!



He early determined to marry and wive,  
For better or worse  
With his elderly nurse—  
Which the poor little boy didn't live to contrive:  
His health didn't thrive—  
No longer alive,  
He died an enfeebled old dotard at five!

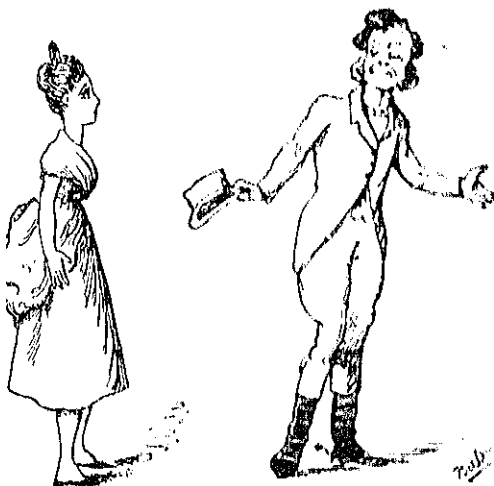


# The Precocious Baby

## MORAL.

Now elderly men of the bachelor crew,  
With wrinkled brow  
And spectacled nose,  
Don't marry at all — you may take it as true  
If ever you do  
The step you will rue,  
For your babes will be elderly — elderly too





### TO PHOEBE

"GENTLE, modest, little flower,  
Sweet epitome of May,  
Love me but for half-an-hour,  
Love me, love me, little fay."  
Sentences so fiercely flaming  
In your tiny shell-like ear,  
I should always be exclaiming  
If I loved you, PHOEBE, dear.

"Smiles that thrill from any distance  
Shed upon me while I sing!  
Please ecstaticise existence,  
Love me, oh thou fairy thing!"  
Words like these, outpouring sadly,  
You'd perpetually hear,  
If I loved you, fondly, madly;—  
But I do not, PHOEBE, dear.





Barnes Carew, Gentlemen

"My case, indeed, is pressing bad,  
My wife - whom I considered fit  
With brutal conduct drives me mad  
"I am appalled," said Barnes C

"What I sound the matrimonial kn  
Oh worthy people such as these!  
Why was I an attorney? Well -  
Go on to the *wedding*, please!"



"Domestic bliss has proved my harm,  
A harder case you never heard,  
My wife (in other matters sane)  
Pretends that I'm a Dicky Bird!"

"She makes me sing, 'Twee-whit, twee-wo  
And stand upon a rounded stick,  
And always introduces me  
To every one as 'Pretty Dick '!"

## Baines Carew, Gentleman

"Oh dear," said weeping BAINES CAREW,

"This is the direst case I know."

"I'm grieved," said BAINES, "at paining you  
To COME and POUTERHAWARD I'll go."

"To COME's cold calculating ear

My gruesome sorrows I'll impart."

"No; stop," said BAINES, "I'll dry my tear  
And steel my sympathetic heart!"



"She makes me perch upon a tree,  
Rewarding me with, 'Sweetie—nice!'  
And threatens to exhibit me  
With four or five performing mice."

"Restrain my tears I wish I could"  
(Said BAINES), "I don't know what to do."  
Said CAPTAIN HAGG, "You're very good."  
"Oh, not at all," said BAINES CAREW.

James Carew, Gentleman

"She makes me live a pain," said Bao  
"And at a moment's word  
Climb up a ladder with a bag,  
Like any street-performing hind.

"She places me in my way."  
In public places calls me "Sweet!",  
She gives me presents every day,  
And hand-cream to eat."

"Oh, won't oh, and I oh, due to tell!"  
Said HAINES, "He good enough for  
And senseless on the floor he fell  
With unpremeditated sleep.

Said CAPTAIN HAINES, "Well, really I  
Am grieved to think it pains you so,  
I thank you for your sympathy;  
But, hang it - come! - I say, you know

But HAINES lay flat upon the floor,  
Convulsed with sympathetic sob,  
The Captain toddled off next day,  
And gave the case to Mrs. Jones.





## THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE

In all the towns and cities fair  
On Merry England's broad expanse,  
No swordsman ever could compare  
With THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE.

The dauntless lad could fairly hew  
A silken handkerchief in twain,  
Divide a leg of mutton, too—  
And this without unwholesome strain.

On whole half-sheep, with cunning trick,  
His sabre sometimes he'd employ—  
No bar of lead, however thick,  
Had terrors for the stalwart boy.



## Thomas Winterbottom Hance

At Dover daily he'd prepare  
To hew and slash, behind, before—  
Which aggravated Monsieur Pierre,  
Who watched him from the Calais shore.



It caused good Pierre to swear and dance,  
The sight annoyed and vexed him so;  
He was the bravest man in France—  
He said so, and he ought to know.

'Regardez, donc, ce cochon gras—  
Ce polisson! Oh, sacré bien!  
Son sabre, son plomb, et ses gigots!  
Comme cela m'ennuye, enfin, mon Dieu!

## Thomas Winterbottom Hance

"Il sait que les foulards de soie  
Give no retaliating whack—  
Les gigots morts n'ont pas de quoi—  
Le plomb don't ever hit you back."

But every day the zealous lad  
Cut head and mutton more and more ;  
And every day, poor PIERRE, half mad,  
Shrieked loud defiance from his shore.

HANCE had a mother, poor and old,  
A simple, harmless village dame,  
Who crowed and clapped as people told  
Of WINTERBOTTOM'S rising fame.

She said, " I'll be upon the spot  
To see my TOMMY'S sabre play " ;  
And so she left her leafy cot,  
And walked to Dover in a day.

PIERRE had a doting mother, who  
Had heard of his defiant rage ;  
His ma was nearly eighty-two,  
And rather dressy for her age.

At HANCE'S doings every morn,  
With sheer delight *his* mother cried ;  
And MONSIEUR PIERRE'S contemptuous scorn  
Filled *his* mamma with proper pride.

But HANCE'S powers began to fail—  
His constitution was not strong—  
And PIERRE, who once was stout and hale,  
Grew thin from shouting all day long.

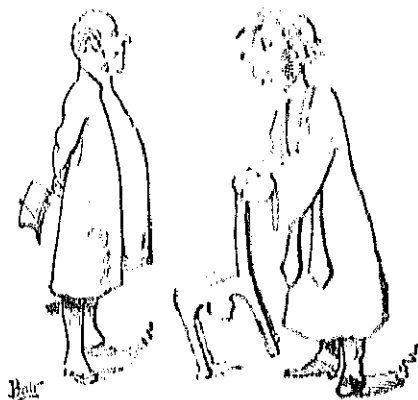






## The Reverend Micah Sows

The Bishop, when it's o'er,  
Goes through the vestry door,  
Where Micah, very red,  
Is mopping of his head.



"Pardon, my Lord, your Sows' excessive zeal,  
It is a theme on which I strongly feel."  
(The sermon somebody had sent him down  
From London, at a charge of half-a-crown.)

The Bishop bowed his head,  
And, acquiescing, said,  
"I've heard your well-meant rage  
Against the Modern Stage.

"A modern Theatre, as I heard you say,  
Sows seeds of evil broadcast—well it may  
But let me ask you, my respected son,  
Pray, have you ever ventured into one?"

## The Reverend Micah Sows

"My friend," said MICAH, "no!  
I never, never go!  
What! Go and see a play?  
My goodness gracious, nay!"

The worthy Bishop said, "My friend, no do -  
The stage may be the place you make it out;  
But if, my friend, you know, you never go,  
I don't quite understand how you're to know."

"Well, really," Micah said,  
"I've often heard and read,  
But never go - do you?"  
The Bishop said, "I do."

"That proves me wrong," said MICAH, in a hic  
"I thought it all friendly and nice."  
The Bishop handed him a printed card;  
"Go to a theatre where they play our Bard."

The Bishop took his leave,  
Rejoicing in his sleeve.  
The next ensuing day  
Sows went and heard a play.

He saw a dreary person on the stage,  
Who mouthed and mugged in simulated rage,  
Who growled and spluttered in a malediction  
And spoke an English Sows had never heard

But "gaunt" was spoken "gaunt,"  
And "haunt" transformed to "ham,"  
And "wrath" pronounced as "rath,"  
And "death" was changed to "dath."

## The Reverend Micah Sows

For hours and hours that diurnal actor waddles  
And talked, and talked, and talked, and talked  
Till lethargy upon the parson crept,  
And sleepy MICAH SOWS serenely slept.



He slept away until  
The farce that closed the bill  
Had warned him not to stay,  
And then he went away.

"I thought *my* gait ridiculous," said he—  
"*My* elocution faulty as could be ;  
I thought *I* mumbled on a matchless plan—  
I had not seen our great 'Tragedian !

"Forgive me, if you can,  
O great 'Tragedian !  
I own it with a sigh—  
You're drearier than I !"





## A Discontented Sugar Broker

His knacker advertised no dun,  
No losses made him sulky;  
He had one sorrow — only one —  
He was extremely bulky,  
A man must be, I beg to state,  
Exceptionally fortunate  
Who owns his chief  
And only grief  
Is being very bulky.

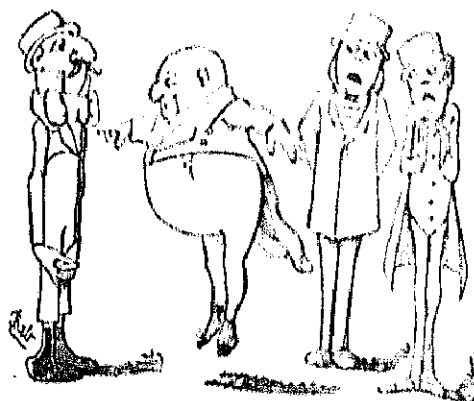
"This lord," he'd say, "I cannot bear,  
I'm nineteen stone or twenty!  
Henceforward I'll go in for air  
And exercise in plenty."  
Most people think that, should it come,  
They can reduce a bulging tum  
To measures fair  
By taking air  
And exercise in plenty.

In every weather, every day,  
Dry, muddy, wet, or gritty,  
He took to dancing all the way  
From Brompton to the City.  
You do not often get the chance  
Of seeing sugar-brokers dance  
From their abode  
In Fulham Road  
Through Brompton to the City.

He braved the gay and guileless laugh  
Of children with their nusses,  
The loud uneducated chaff  
Of clerks on omnibuses.

### 3. Discontented Sugar Broker

Against all minor things that rack  
A nicely balanced mind, I'll back  
The noisy chauffeur  
And ill-bred laugh  
Of clerks on omnibuses.



His friends, who heard his money chink,  
And saw the house he rented,  
And knew his wife, could never think  
What made him discontented.  
It never struck their simple mind  
That fads are of eccentric kinds,  
Nor would they own  
That fat alone  
Could make one discontented.

"Your riches know no kind of pause,  
Your trade is fast advancing.  
You dance—but not for joy, because  
You weep as you are dancing.

## A Discontented Sugar Broker

To dance implies that man is glad,  
To weep implies that man is sad.  
But here are you  
Who do the two—  
You weep as you are dancing!"

His mania soon got noised about  
And into all the papers;  
His size increased beyond a doubt  
For all his reckless capers:



It may seem singular to you,  
But all his friends admit it true—  
The more he found  
His figure round,  
The more he cut his capers.

His bulk increased—no matter that—  
He tried the more to toss it—  
He never spoke of it as "fat"  
But "adipose deposit."  
Upon my word, it seems to me  
Unpardonable vanity  
(And worse than that)  
To call your fat  
An "adipose deposit."

## A Discontented Sugar Broker

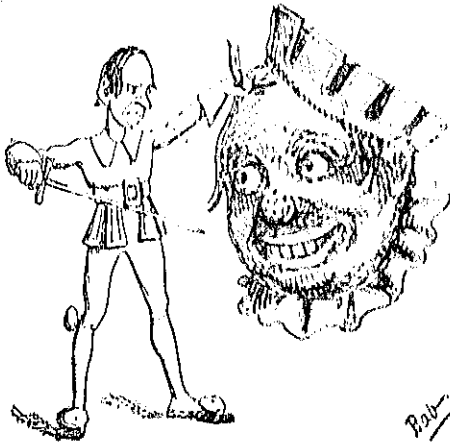
At length his brawny knees gave way,  
And on the carpet sank,  
Upon his shapely back he lay  
And kicked away like winking,  
Instead of seeing in his state  
The finger of unswerving Fate,  
He laboured still  
To work his will,  
And kicked away like winking.

His friends, disgusted with him now,  
Away in silence wended;  
I hardly like to tell you how  
This dreadful story ended.  
The shocking sequel to impart,  
I must employ the limner's art;  
If you would know,  
This sketch will show  
How his exertions ended.



### MORAL.

I hate to preach—I hate to prate—  
I'm no fanatic croaker,  
But learn contentment from the fate  
Of this West India broker.  
He'd everything a man of taste  
Could ever want, except a waist;  
And discontent  
His size ament,  
And bootless perseverance blind,  
Heckled the peace of mind  
India broker.



## THE PANTOMIME "SUPER" TO HIS MASK

VAST, empty shell !  
 Impertinent, preposterous abortion :  
     With vacant stare,  
     And ragged hair,  
 And every feature out of all proportion !  
 Embodiment of echoing inanity,  
 Excellent type of simpering insanity,  
 Unwieldy, clumsy nightmare of humanity,  
     I ring thy knell !

To-night thou diest,  
 Beast that destroy'st my heaven-born identity !  
     Twelve weeks of nights  
     Before the lights,  
 Swamped in thine own preposterous nonentity,  
 I've been ill-treated, cursed, and thrashed diurnally,  
 Credited for the smile you wear externally—  
 I feel disposed to smash thy face, infernally,  
     As there thou liest !

## The Pantomime "Super" to his Mas

I've been thy brain:  
*I've* been the brain that fit thy dull concavity!  
The human face  
Invest *my* face

With thine expression of unchecked depravity;  
Invested with a ghastly reciprocity,  
*I've* been responsible for thy monstrosity,  
I, for thy wanton, blundering ferocity  
But not again!

'Tis time to toll  
Thy knell, and that of follied pantomimical;  
A twelve weeks' run,  
And thou hast done  
All thou canst do to make thyself inimical,  
Adieu, embodiment of all inanity!  
Excellent type of simpering insanity!  
Unwieldy, clumsy nightmare of humanity!  
Freed is thy soul!

(*The Mask respondeth.*)

Oh! master mine,  
Look thou within thee, ere again ill-using me  
Art thou aware  
Of nothing there  
Which might abuse thee, as thou art abusing me?  
A brain that mourns *thine* unredeemed rascality?  
A soul that weeps at *thy* threadbare morality?  
Both grieving that *their* individuality  
Is merged in thine?



## THE FORCE OF ARGUMENT

LORD B. was a nobleman bold  
Who came of illustrious stocks,  
He was thirty or forty years old,  
And several feet in his socks.

To Turniptopville-by-the-Sea  
This elegant nobleman went,  
For that was a borough that he  
Was anxious to rep-per-re-sent.

At local assemblies he danced  
Until he felt thoroughly ill;  
He waltzed, and he galoped, and lanced,  
And threaded the mazy quadrille.



## The Force of Argument

The maidens of Turnipstoville  
Were simple - ingenuous - pure -  
And they all worked away with a will  
The nobleman's heart to secure.

Two maidens all others beyond  
Endeavoured his wares to dispel...  
The one was the lively ANN POND,  
The other sad MARY MONTILL.

ANN POND had determined to try  
And carry the Earl with a sigh;  
Her principal feature was eye,  
Her greatest accomplishment - gush.

And MARY chose this for her play:  
Whenever he looked in her eye  
She'd blush and turn quickly away,  
And flutter, and flutter, and sigh.

It was noticed he constantly sighed  
As she worked out the scheme she had planned  
A fact he endeavoured to hide  
With his aristocratic hand.

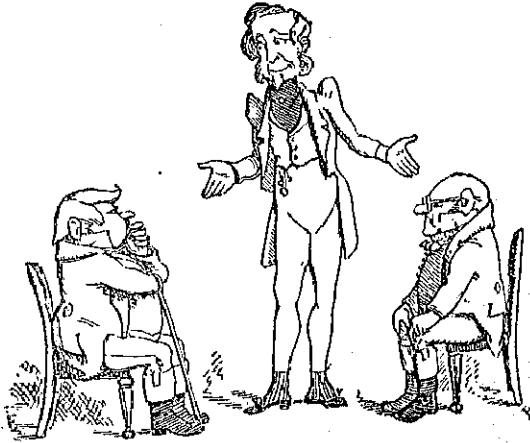
Old POND was a farmer, they say,  
And so was old TOMMY MONTILL,  
In a humble and pottering way  
They were doing exceedingly well.

They both of them carried by vote  
The Earl was a dangerous man;  
So nervously clearing his throat,  
One morning old TOMMY began:

## The Force of Argument

"My darter's no pratty young doll—  
I'm a plain-spoken Zommerzet man—  
Now what do 'ee mean by my POLL,  
And what do 'ee mean by his ANN?"

Said B., "I will give you my bond  
I mean them uncommonly well,  
Believe me, my excellent POND,  
And credit me, worthy MORELL.



"It's quite indisputable, for  
I'll prove it with singular ease,—  
You shall have it in 'Barbara' or  
'Celarent'—whichever you please.

## The Force of Argument

"You see, when an archaicist hears  
To the yoke of intentional sin,  
If the state of the country allows,  
Homogeny always stops in.

"It's a highly aesthetic bond,  
As any mere ploughboy can tell . . ."  
"Of course," replied puzzled old Pond.  
"I see," said old Tommy Morrell.

"Very good, then," continued the lord;  
"When it's fooled to the top of its bent,  
With a sweep of a Dunsen sword  
The web of intention is rent.

"That's patent to all of us here,  
As any mere schoolboy can tell."  
POND answered, "Of course it's quite clear";  
And so did that humming; MORELL.

"Its tone's esoteric in force . . ."  
"I trust that I make myself clear?"  
MORELL only answered, "Of course,"  
While POND slowly muttered, "Hear, hear."

"Volition—celestial prize,  
Pellucid as porphyry cell—  
Is based on a principle wise."  
"Quite so," exclaimed POND and MORELL.

"From what I have said you will see  
That I couldn't wed either—in time,  
By Nature's unchanging decree  
Your daughters could never be *mine*.

## The Force of Argument

"Go home to your pigs and your ricks,  
My hands of the matter I've rinsed."  
So they take up their hats and their sticks,  
And *exceunt ambo*, convinced.





## THE GHOST, THE GALLANT, THE GAE AND THE GOBLIN

O'er unreckoned suburban clay  
Some years ago were 'hobblin',  
An elderly ghost of easy ways,  
And an influential goblin.  
'The ghost was a sombre spectral shape,  
A fine old five-act foggy,  
'The goblin hup, a little young age,  
A fine low-comedy boggy.

And as they exercised their joints,  
Promoting quick digestion,  
They talked on several curious points,  
And raised this pregnant question :  
"Which of us two is Number One --  
The ghostie, or the goblin?"  
And o'er the point they raised in fun  
They fairly fell a-squabblin'.

## The Ghost, the Gallant, the Gael, the Goblin

They'd barely speak, and each, in fine,  
Grew more and more reflective,  
Each thought his own particular line  
By far the more effective.  
At length they settled some one should  
By each of them be haunted,  
And so arranged that either could  
Exert his prowess vaunted.

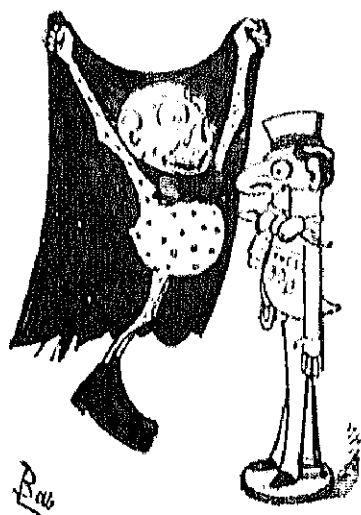
"The Quaint against the Statuesque"—  
By competition lawful—  
The goblin backed the Quaint Grotesque,  
The ghost the Grandly Awful.  
"Now," said the goblin, "here's my plan—  
In attitude commanding,  
I see a stalwart Englishman  
By yonder tailor's standing.

"The very fittest man on earth  
My influence to try on—  
Of gentle, p'raps of noble birth,  
And damtless as a lion I  
Now wrap yourself within your shroud—  
Remain in easy hearing—  
Observe—you'll hear him scream aloud  
When I begin appearing I"

The imp with yell unearthly—wild—  
Threw off his dark enclosure:  
His damtless victim looked and smiled  
With singular composure.  
For hours he tried to daunt the youth,  
For days, indeed, but vainly—  
The stripling smiled I—to tell the truth,  
The stripling smiled inanely.

## The Ghost, the Gallant, the Gael, the Gob

For weeks the goblin weird and wild,  
That noble stripling haunted ;  
For weeks the stripling stood and smiled  
Unmoved and all undaunted.  
The sombre ghost exclaimed, "Your plan  
Has failed you, goblin, plainly ;  
Now watch you hardy Highland man,  
So stalwart and ungainly.



"These are the men who chase the foe,  
Whose footsteps never falter,  
Who bring with them where'er they go,  
A smack of old Sir Walter.  
Of such as he, the men sublime  
Who lead their troops victorious,  
Whose deeds go down to after time,  
Enshrined in annals glorious !

## ie Ghost, the Gallant, the Gael, the Goblin

"Of such as he the bard has said  
'Hech thuawfu' raltie rawkie!  
Wi' thecht ta' croonie clapperhead  
And fosh' wi' mico pawkie!  
He'll faint away when I appear  
Upon his native heather;  
Or p'raps he'll only scream with fear,  
Or p'raps the two together."



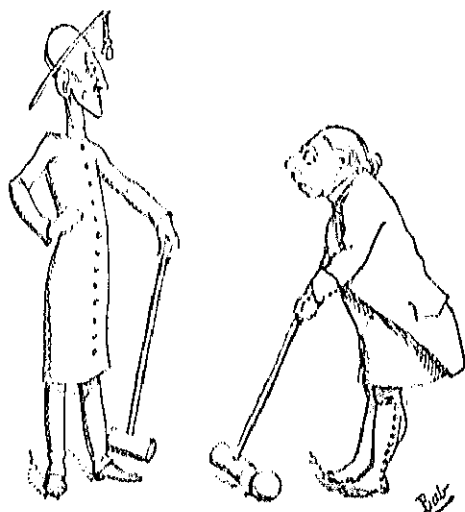
The spectre showed himself, alone,  
To do his ghostly battling,  
With curdling groan and dismal moan  
And lots of chains a-rattling!  
But no—the chief's stout Gaelic stuff  
Withstood all ghostly harrying,  
His fingers closed upon the snuff  
Which upwards he was carrying.



## The Ghost, the Gallant, the Gael, the Goblin

For days that ghost declined to stir,  
A foggy, shapeless giant—  
For weeks that splendid officer  
Stared back again defiant!  
Just as the Englishman returned  
The goblin's vulgar staring,  
Just so the Scotchman boldly spurned  
The ghost's unmannered scaring.

For several years the ghostly twain  
These Britons bold have haunted,  
But all their efforts are in vain—  
Their victims stand undaunted.  
Unto this day the imp and ghost  
(Whose powers the imp derided)  
Stand each at his allotted post—  
The bet is undecided.



## THE PHANTOM CURATE

A FABLE

A BISHOP once—I will not name his see—  
 Annoyed his clergy in the mode conventional;  
 From pulpit shackles never set them free,  
 And found a sin where sin was unintentional.  
 All pleasures ended in abuse auricular—  
 That Bishop was so terribly particular.

Though, on the whole, a wise and upright man,  
 He sought to make of human pleasures clearances,  
 And form his priests on that much-lauded plan  
 Which pays undue attention to appearances,  
 He couldn't do good deeds without a psalm in 'em,  
 Although, in truth, he bore away the palm in 'em.

## The Phantom Curate

Enraged to find a deacon at a dance,  
Or catch a curate at some mild frivolity,  
He sought by open censure to enhance  
Their dread of joining harmless social jollity;  
Yet he enjoyed (a fact of notoriety)  
The ordinary pleasures of society.

One evening, sitting at a pantomime  
(Forbidden treat to those who stood in fear of him  
Roaring at jokes *sans* metre, sense, or rhyme,  
He turned, and saw immediately in rear of him—  
His peace of mind upsetting, and annoying it—  
A curate, also heartily enjoying it.

Again, 'twas Christmas Eve, and to enhance  
His children's pleasure in their harmless rollicking,  
He, like a good old fellow, stood to dance;  
When something checked the current of his frolicking  
That curate, with a maid he treated lovably,  
Stood up and figured with him in the "Coverley"!

Once, yielding to an universal choice  
(The company's demand was an emphatic one,  
For the old Bishop had a glorious voice),  
In a quartet he joined—an operatic one—  
Harmless enough, though ne'er a word of grace in it;  
When, lo! that curate came and took the bass in it!

One day, when passing through a quiet street,  
He stopped awhile and joined a Punch's gathering,  
And chuckled more than solemn folk think meet  
To see that gentleman his Judy lathering;  
And heard, as Punch was being treated penally,  
That phantom curate laughing all hyæenally!

## The Phantom Curate

Now at a picnic, 'mid fair golden curls,  
Bright eyes, straw hats, *bottines* that fit amazingly,  
A croquet-bout is planned by all the girls,  
And he, consenting, speaks of croquet praisingly ;  
But suddenly declines to play at all in it—  
The curate fiend has come to take a ball in it !

Next, when at quiet seaside village, freed  
From cares episcopal and ties monarchical,  
He grows his beard, and smokes his fragrant weed,  
In manner anything but hierarchical—  
He sees—and fixes an unearthly stare on it—  
That curate's face, with half a yard of hair on it !

At length he gave a charge, and spake this word :  
"Vicars, your curates to enjoyment urge ye may  
To check their harmless pleasuring's absurd ;  
What laymen do without reproach, my clergy may."  
He spake, and lo ! at this concluding word of him,  
The curate vanished—no one since has heard of him.



## THE SENSATION CAPTAIN

No nobler captain ever trod  
 Than CAPTAIN PARKER-PERRY TOWN,  
 So good—so wise—so brave, he!  
 But still, as all his friends would own,  
 He had one folly—*one*—*one*—*one*—  
 This Captain in the Navy.

I do not think I ever knew  
 A man so wholly given to  
 Creating a sensation;  
 Or p'raps I should in justice say—  
 To what in an Adelphi play  
 Is known as "situation."

He passed his time designing traps  
 To flurly unsuspecting chaps—  
 The taste was his innately;  
 He couldn't walk into a room  
 Without ejaculating "Boom!"  
 Which startled ladies greatly.



## The Sensation Captain

The news he made a messmate tell,  
His ANGELINA bore it well,

No sign gave she of crazing;  
But, steady as the Incheape Rock,  
His ANGELINA stood the shock  
With fortitude amazing.

She said, "Some one I must elect  
Poor ANGELINA to protect  
From all who wish to harm her,  
Since worthy CAPTAIN TOM is dead,  
I rather feel inclined to wed  
A comfortable farmer."



A comfortable farmer came  
(BASSANTO TYLER was his name),  
Who had no end of treasure.  
He said, "My noble gal, be mine!"  
The noble gal did not decline,  
But simply said, "With pleasure."

## The Sensation Captain

When this was told to Captain Tommy,  
At first he thought it rather odd,  
And felt some perturbation;  
But very long he did not grovel,  
He thought he could a way perceive  
To *such* a situation!

"I'll not reveal myself," said he,  
"Till they are both in the theatrical arena;  
Then suddenly I will appear,  
And paralysing them with fear,  
Demand my *ANGELICA!*"



At length arrived the wedding day;  
Accoutred in the usual way  
Appeared the bridal body;  
The worthy clergyman began,  
When in the gallant Captain ran  
And cried, "Behold your *Tommy!*"



## The Sensation Captain

The bridegroom, perhaps, was terrified,  
And also possibly the bride—

The bridesmaids *were* affrighted;  
But ANGELINA, noble soul,  
Contrived her feelings to control,  
And really seemed delighted.

"My bride!" said gallant CAPTAIN TODD,  
"She's mine, uninteresting clod!"

My own, my darling charmer!"

"Oh dear," said she, "you're just too late—  
I'm married to, I beg to state,

"This comfortable farmer!"

"Indeed," the farmer said, "she's mine;  
You've been and cut it far too fine!"

"I see," said TODD, "I'm beaten."

And so he went to sea once more,

"Sensation" he for aye forswore,

And married on her native shore

A lady whom he'd met before—

A lovely Otaheitan.





## Tempora Mutantur

And unopened it's remaining!

I can read her gentle hope . . .

Her entreaties, uncomplaining;

(She was always uncomplaining);

Her devotion never waning . . .

Through the little envelope!



## AT A PANTOMIME

BY A RELIGIOUS ONE

AN actor sits in doubtful gloom,  
His stock-in-trade unfurled,  
In a damp funereal dressing room  
In the Theatre Royal, World.

He comes to town at Christmas-time  
And braves its icy breath,  
To play in that favourite pantomime,  
*Harlequin Life and Death.*

A hoary flowing wig his weird,  
Uncarthy cranium caps;  
He hangs a long benevolent beard  
On a pair of empty chaps.

## At a Pantomime

To smooth his ghastly features down  
The actor's art he craves;  
A long and a flowing padded gown  
Bedecks his rattling ribs.

He cries, "Go on—begin, begin!  
Turn on the light of time;  
I'm dressed for jolly Old Christmas in  
A favourite pantomime!"

The curtain's up—the stage all black—  
Time and the Year nigh sped—  
(Time as an advertising quack)  
The Old Year nearly dead.

The wand of Time is waved, and lo!  
Revealed Old Christmas stands,  
And little children chuckle and crow,  
And laugh and clap their hands.

The cruel old scoundrel brightens up  
At the death of the Olden Year,  
And he waves a gorgeous golden cup,  
And bids the world good cheer.

The little ones hail the festive King—  
No thought can make them sad;  
Their laughter comes with a sounding ring,  
They clap and crow like mad!

They only see in the humbug old  
A holiday every year,  
And handsome gifts, and joys unfold,  
And unaccustomed cheer.

## At a Pantomime



The old ones, palsied, blear, and hoar,  
Their breasts in anguish beat—  
They've seen him seventy times before,  
How well they know the cheat!

They've seen that ghastly pantomime,  
They've felt its blighting breath,  
They know that rollicking Christmas-time  
Meant cold and want and death—

Starvation—Poor Law Union fare,  
And deadly cramps and chills,  
And illness—illness everywhere—  
And crime, and Christmas bills.

## At a Pantomime

They know Old Christmas well, I deem,  
These men of ripened age;  
They've often, often, often seen  
That actor on the stage.

They see in his gay rotundity  
A clumsy stuffed-out clown;  
They see in the cap he wears a rough  
A unsolded engagement.

Those aged men so lean and wan,  
They've seen it all before;  
They know they'll see the charlatan  
But twice or three times more.

And so they hear with dance and song,  
And crimson tail and green;  
They wearily sit, and grimly long  
For the Transmutation Stone.







## KING BORRIA BUNGALÉE BOO

KING BORRIA BUNGALÉE BOO  
Was a man-eating African swell ;  
His sigh was a hullaballoo,  
His whisper a horrible yell—  
A horrible, horrible yell !

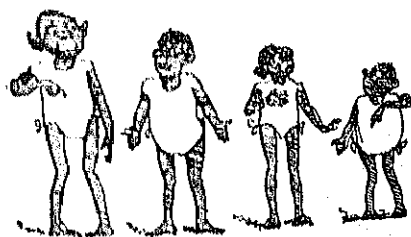
Four subjects, and all of them male,  
To BORRIA doubled the knee,  
They were once on a far larger scale,  
But he'd eaten the balance, you see  
("Scale" and "balance" is punning, you see).

## King Borria Bungalee Boo

There was haughty Pien 'TUSH-POOH-BAH,  
There was lumbering DOODLE-DUM-DEH,  
Despising ALACK A DEY-AY,  
And good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH-  
Exemplary TOOTLE-TUM-TEH.

One day there was grief in the crew,  
For they hadn't a morsel of meat,  
And BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO  
Was dying for something to eat—  
"Come, provide me with something to eat !

"ALACK A DEY, famished I feel ;  
Oh, good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH,  
Where on earth shall I look for a meal ?  
For I haven't had dinner to-day !—  
Not a morsel of dinner to-day !



"Dear TOOTLE-TUM, what shall we do ?  
Come, get us a meal, or in truth,  
If you don't we shall have to eat you,  
Oh, adorable friend of our youth !  
Thou beloved little friend of our youth !"

## King Borria Bungalee Boo

And he answered, "Oh, BUNGALEE BOO,  
For a moment I hope you will wait,—  
TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO  
Is the Queen of a neighbouring state—  
A remarkably neighbouring state.

"TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO,  
She would pickle deliciously cold—  
And her four pretty Amazons, too,  
Are enticing, and not very old—  
Twenty-seven is not very old.

"There is neat little TITTY-FOL-LEH,  
There is rollicking TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH,  
There is jocular WAGGETY-WEH,  
There is musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH—  
There's the nightingale DOH-REH-MI-FAH!"



Bolt

to the forces of BUNGALEE BOO  
Marched forth in a terrible row,  
And the ladies who fought for QUEEN LOO  
Prepared to encounter the foe—  
This dreadful insatiate foe!

## King Borria Bungleee Boo

But they sharpened no weapons at all,  
And they poisoned no arrows—not they!  
They made ready to conquer or fall  
In a totally different way—  
A perfectly different way.

With a crimson and pearly-white dye  
They endeavored to make themselves fair;  
With black they encircled each eye,  
And with yellow they painted their hair.  
(It was wool, but they thought it was hair.)

The warriors met in the field:  
And the men of KING BORRIA said,  
“Amazonians, immediately yield!”  
And their arrows they drew to the head—  
Yes, drew them right up to the head.

But jocular WAGGETY-WEH  
Ogled DOODLE-DOH-DEH (which was wrong),  
And neat little TITTY-FOL-LAH  
Said, “TOOTLE-TUM, you go along!  
You naughty old dear, go along!”

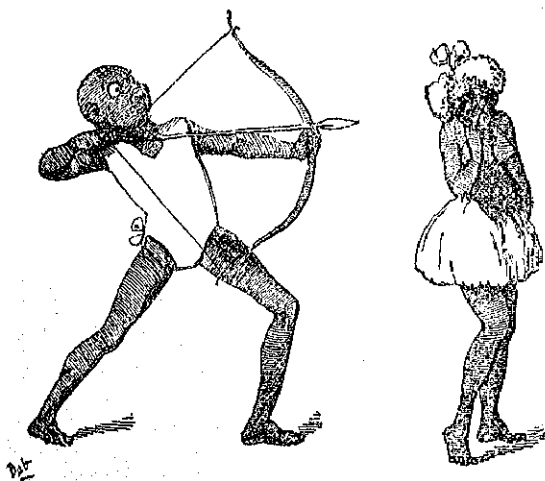
And rollicking TRAT-THE-RAI-LAH  
Tapped ALACK-A-DEY-AH with her fan;  
And musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH  
Said, “Fish, go away, you bad man!  
Go away, you delightful young man!”

And the Amazons simpered and sighed,  
And they ogled, and giggled, and flushed,  
And they opened their pretty eyes wide,  
And they chuckled, and flirted, and blush  
(At least, if they could, they'd have blush)

## King Borria Bungalee Boo

But haughty PISH-TUSH-POOH-BAH  
Said, "ALACK-A-DEY, what does this mean?"  
And despairing ALACK-A-DEY-AH  
Said, "They think us uncommonly green—  
Ha! ha! most uncommonly green!"

Even blundering DOODLE-DUM-DEH  
Was insensible quite to their leers,  
And said good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH,  
"It's your blood that we're wanting, my dears.  
We have come for our dinners, my dears!"



And the Queen of the Amazons fell  
To BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO,—  
In a mouthful he gulped, with a yell,  
TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO—  
The pretty QUEEN TOL-THE-ROL-I.OO.

## King Borria Bungalowee Boo

And neat little 'TERRY FOL LAH  
Was eaten by 'PEM POOM BAH,  
And light hearted 'WAGGERSY WEN  
By dismal 'ALACK A DEY-AH ---  
Despairing 'ALACK A DEY-AH.

And rollicking 'TUM-TUM-RAH LAH  
Was eaten by 'DOODLE DUM-DEH,  
And musical 'DOM REH-ME-FAH  
By good little 'TOOTLE 'TUM-TIEH---  
Exemplary 'TOOTLE 'TUM-TIEH.



### THE PERIWINKLE GIRL.

I've often thought that headstrong youths  
Of decent education,  
Determine all-important truths,  
With strange precipitation.

The ever-ready victims they,  
Of logical illusions,  
And in a self-assertive way  
They jump at strange conclusions.

Now take my case : Ere sorrow could  
My ample forehead wrinkle,  
I had determined that I should  
Not care to be a wrinkle.





## The Periwinkle Girl



DUKE BAILEY greatest wealth computes,  
And sticks, they say, at no-thing,  
He wears a pair of golden boots  
And silver underclothing.

DUKE HUMPHY, as I understand,  
Though mentally acuter,  
His boots are only silver, and  
His underclothing pewter.

A third adorer had the girl,  
A man of lowly station—  
A miserable grov'ling Earl  
Besought her approbation.

This humble cad she did refuse  
With much contempt and loathing,  
He wore a pair of leather shoes  
And cambric underclothing !

## The Periwinkle Girl

"Ha! ha!" she cried. "Upon my word!  
Well, really—come, I never!  
Oh, go along, it's too absurd!  
My goodness!—Did you ever?"

"Two Dukes would Mary make a bride,  
And from her foes defend her!"  
"Well, not exactly that," they cried,  
"We offer guilty splendour."

"We do not offer marriage rite,  
So please dismiss the notion!"  
"Oh dear," said she, "that alters quite  
The state of my emotion."

The Earl he up and says, says he,  
"Dismiss them to their orgies,  
For I am game to marry thee  
Quite reg'lar at St. George's."

(He'd had, it happily befell,  
A decent education,  
His views would have befitted well  
A far superior station.)

His sterling worth had worked a cure,  
She never heard him grumble;  
She saw his soul was good and pure,  
Although his rank was humble.

## The Periwinkle Girl



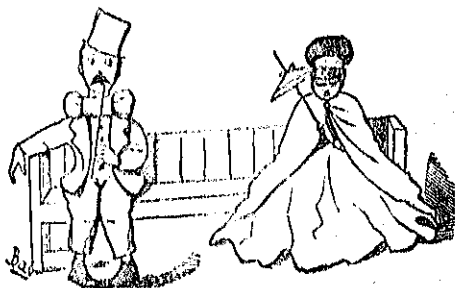
Her views of earldoms and their lot,  
All underwent expansion—  
Come, Virtue in an earldom's cot !  
Go, Vice in ducal mansion !

## THOMSON GREEN AND HARRIET HALE

*(To be sung to the Air of "An 'Orrible Tale.")*

Oh list to this incredible tale  
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET HALE;  
Its truth in one remark you'll sum up  
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle  
twum!"

Oh, THOMSON GREEN was an auctioneer,  
And made three hundred pounds a year;  
And HARRIET HALE, most strange to say,  
Gave pianoforte lessons at a sovereign a day.



Oh, THOMSON GREEN, I may remark,  
Met HARRIET HALE in Regent's Park,  
Where he, in a casual kind of way,  
Saw one of the extraordinary beauty of the day.

## Thomson Green and Harriet Hale

'They met again, and strange, though true,  
He courted her for a month or two,  
'Then to her pa he said, says he,  
"Old man, I love your daughter and your daughter  
worships me!"

'Their names were regularly named,  
The wedding day was settled, and  
I've ascertained by dint of search  
They were married on the quiet at St. Mary Abbot  
Church.

Oh, list to this incredible tale  
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET HALE,  
Its truth in one remark you'll sum—  
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle  
twum!"

That very self-same afternoon  
They started on their honeymoon.  
And (oh, astonishment!) took flight  
To a pretty little cottage close to Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

But now—you'll doubt my word, I know—  
In a month they both returned, and lo!  
Astounding fact! this happy pair  
Took a gentlemanly residence in Canonbury Square!

They led a weird and reckless life,  
They dined each day, this man and wife  
(Pray disbelieve it, if you please),  
On a joint of meat, a pudding, and a little bit of cheese.

In time came those maternal joys  
Which take the form of girls or boys,  
And strange to say of each they'd one—  
A tiddy-iddy daughter, and a tiddy-iddy son!

## Thomson Green and Harriet Hale

Oh, list to this incredible tale  
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET HALE,  
Is truth in one remark you'll find  
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle  
twum!"

My name for truth is gone, I fear,  
But, monstrous as it may appear,  
They let their drawing-room one day  
Be an eligible person in the cotton-breaking way.



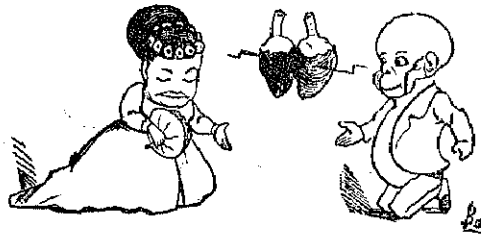
Whenever THOMSON GREEN fell sick  
His wife called in a doctor, quick,  
From whom some words like these would come—  
*at mist, sumendum haustus, in a cochleyareum.*

For thirty years this curious pair  
Hung out in Canonbury Square,  
And somehow, wonderful to say,  
ey loved each other dearly in a quiet sort of way.

## Thomson Green and Harriet Hale

Well, THOMSON GREEN fell ill and died ;  
For just a year his widow cried,  
And then her heart she gave away  
To the eligible lodger in the cotton-broking way.

Oh, list to this incredible tale  
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET HALE,  
Its truth in one remark you'll sum—  
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddl  
twum !"





## BOB POLTER

Bob Polter was a navvy, and  
His hands were coarse, and dirty too,  
His homely face was rough and tanned,  
His time of life was thirty-two.

He lived among a working clan  
(A wife he hadn't got at all),  
A decent, steady, sober man—  
No saint, however—not at all.

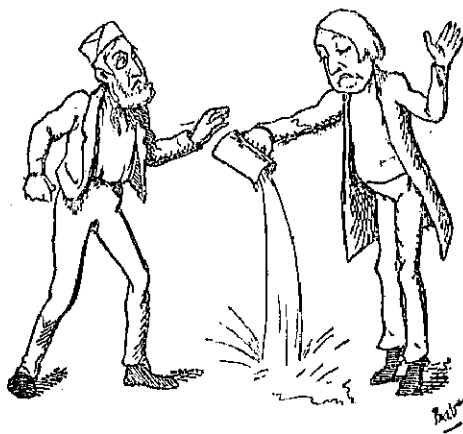


## Bob Polter

He smoked, but in a modest way,  
Because he thought he needed it ;  
He drank a pot of beer a day,  
And sometimes he exceeded it.

At times he'd pass with other men  
A loud convivial night or two,  
With, very likely, now and then,  
On Saturdays, a fight or two.

But still he was a sober soul,  
A labour-never-shrinking man,  
Who paid his way—upon the whole,  
A decent English working-man.



One day, when at the Nelson's Head  
(For which he may be blamed of you),  
A holy man appeared and said,  
"Oh, ROBERT, I'm ashamed of you."



## Bob Polter

Bon shuddered: "Ah, you've made a miss,  
If you take me for one of you  
You filthy brute, get out of this  
Bon POLTER don't want none of you."

The demon gave a drunken shriek,  
And crept away in stealthiness,  
And lo, instead, a person sleek  
Who seemed to burst with healthiness.



"In me, as your adviser hints,  
Of Abstinence you've got a type --  
Of MR. TWEEDIE's pretty print.  
I am the happy prototype.



## Bob Polter

"Be off," said irritated Bon,

"Why come you here to hoot:  
You pharisaical old snob,

You're wuss, almost, than t'ot

"I takes my pipe— I takes my

And drunk I'm never seen to  
I'm no teetotaler or sot,

And as I am I mean to be!"



## THE STORY OF PRINCE AGIB

Strike the concertina's melancholy string!  
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything!  
Let the piano's martial blast  
Rouse the echoes of the past,  
For of Agib, Prince of Tartary, I sing!

Of Agib, who, amid Tartaric scenes,  
Wrote a lot of ballet-music in his teens:  
His gentle spirit rolls  
In the melody of souls—  
Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means

Of Agib, who could readily, at sight,  
Strum a march upon the loud Theodolite.  
He would diligently play  
On the Zoetrope all day,  
And blow the gay Pantechnicon all night.

## The Story of Prince Agib

One winter—I am shaky in my dates—  
Came two starving Tartar minstrels to his gates;  
    Oh, Allah be obeyed,  
    How infernally they played!  
I remember that they called themselves the “Oūiāts.”

Oh! that day of sorrow, misery, and rage,  
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,  
    Photographically lined  
    On the tablet of my mind,  
When a yesterday has faded from its page!

Alas! PRINCE AGIB went and asked them in;  
Gave them beer, and eggs, and sweets, and scent, and tin  
    And when (as snobs would say)  
    They had “put it all away,”  
He requested them to tune up and begin.

Though its icy horror chill you to the core,  
I will tell you what I never told before—  
    The consequences true  
    Of that awful interview,  
*For I listened at the keyhole in the door!*

They played him a sonata—let me see!—  
“*Medulla oblongata*”—key of G,  
    Then they began to sing  
    That extremely lovely thing,  
“*Scherzando! ma non troppo, fff.*”

He gave them money, more than they could count,  
Scent from a most ingenious little fount,  
    More beer in little kegs,  
    Many dozen hard-boiled eggs,  
And goodies to a fabulous amount.

## The Story of Prince Agib



Now follows the dim horror of my tale,  
And I feel I'm growing gradually pale;  
For even at this day,  
Though its sting has passed away,  
When I venture to remember it, I quail!

The elder of the brothers gave a squeal,  
All-overish it made me for to feel.

"O Prince," he says, says he,  
"If a Prince indeed you be,  
I've a mystery I'm going to reveal!"

"Oh, listen, if you'd shun a horrid death,  
To what the gent who's speaking to you saith:  
No 'Oüaits' in truth are we,  
As you fancy that we be,  
For (ter-rible!) I am ALECK—this is BETH!"



## The Story of Prince Agib



Said AGIB, "Oh! accursed of your kind,  
I have heard that ye are men of evil mind!"  
      BERTH gave a dreadful shriek—  
      But before he'd time to speak  
I was mercilessly collared from behind.

In number ten or twelve, or even more,  
They fastened me, full length, upon the floor.  
      On my face extended flat,  
      I was walloped with a cat,  
For listening at the keyhole of a door.

Oh! the horror of that agonising thrill!  
(I can feel the place in frosty weather still.)  
      For a week from ten to four  
      I was fastened to the floor,  
While a mercenary wopped me with a will!

## The Story of Prince Agib

They branded me and broke me on a wheel,  
And they left me in an hospital to heal;  
And, upon my solemn word,  
I have never, never heard  
What those Tartars had determined to reveal.

But that day of sorrow, misery, and rage,  
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,  
Photographically fixed  
On the tablet of my mind,  
When a yesterday has faded from its page!





## Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen

"MACPFAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS, my lad,  
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad;  
If you really must play on that cursed affair,  
My goodness! play something resembling an air."



Boiled over the blood of MACPFAIRSON M'CLAN—  
The clan of Clonglocketty rose as one man;  
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween—  
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

"Let's show," said M'CLAN, "to this Sassenach loon  
That the bagpipes can play him a regular tune.  
Let's see," said M'CLAN, as he thoughtfully sat,  
"'In My Cottage' is easy—I'll practise at that."

## Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen

He blew at his "Cottage," and blew with a will,  
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until  
You'll hardly believe it) M'CLAN, I declare,  
Elicited something resembling an air.



It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the breeze—  
It wandered about into several keys;  
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm aware,  
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed, and the Sassenach danced,  
He shrieked in his agony—bellowed and pranced;  
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the scene,  
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

## Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen

"Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around;  
And fill a' yer lugs wi' the exquisite sound.  
An air frae the bagpipes—beat that if ye can!  
Hurrah for CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS M'CLAN!"

The fame of his piping spread over the land:  
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,  
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green—  
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

One morning the fidgety Sassenach swore  
He'd stand it no longer—he drew his claymore,  
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad taste),  
Divided CLONGLOCKETTY close to the waist.

Oh! loud were the wailings for ANGUS M'CLAN—  
Oh! deep was the grief for that excellent man—  
The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,  
Especially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN.

It sorrowed poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY  
To find them "take on" in this serious way,  
He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,  
And solaced their souls with the following words:—

"Oh, maidens," said PATTISON, touching his hat,  
"Don't snivel, my dears, for a fellow like that;  
Observe, I'm a very superior man,  
A much better fellow than ANGUS M'CLAN."

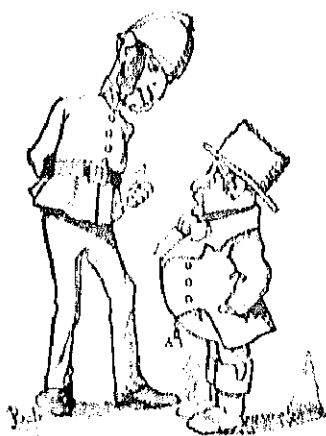
1892

## Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen

They smiled when he winked and addressed them as  
"dears,"  
and they all of them vowed, as they dried up their tears,  
pleasanter gentleman never was seen  
specially ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN







### PETER THE WAG

POLICEMAN PETER FORTH I drag  
From his obscure retreat :  
He was a merry, genial wag,  
Who loved a mad conceit.  
If he were asked the time of day  
By country bumpkins green,  
He not unfrequently would say,  
"A quarter past thirteen."

If ever you by word of mouth  
Enquired of MISTER FORTH  
The way to somewhere in the South,  
He always sent you North.  
With little boys his beat along  
He loved to stop and play ;  
He loved to send old ladies wrong  
And teach their feet to stray.

## Peter the Wag

He would in frolic moments, when  
Such mischief bent upon,  
Take Bishops up as betting men  
Bid Ministers move on,  
Then all the worthy boys he knew  
He regularly looked,  
And always collared people who  
Had had their pockets picked.

He was not naturally bad,  
Or viciously inclined,  
But from his early youth he had  
A waggish turn of mind.  
The Men of London grimly scowled  
With indignation wild;  
The Men of London gruffly growled,  
But Peter calmly smiled.

Against this minion of the Crown  
The swelling murmurs grew—  
From Cumberwell to Kentish Town—  
From Rotherhithe to Kew.  
Still humoured he his waggonic turn,  
And fed in various ways  
The coward rage that dared to burn  
But did not dare to blaze.

Still, Retribution has her day  
Although her flight is slow;  
*One day that Crusher lost his way  
Near Poland Street, Soho.*  
The haughty youth, too proud to ask,  
To find his way resolved,  
And in the tangle of his task  
Got more and more involved.

## Peter the Wag

The Men of London, overjoyed,  
Came there to jeer their foe—  
And flocking crowds completely cloyed  
The mazes of Soho.  
The news, on telegraphic wires,  
Sped swiftly o'er the lea—  
Excursion trains from distant shires  
Brought myriads to see.

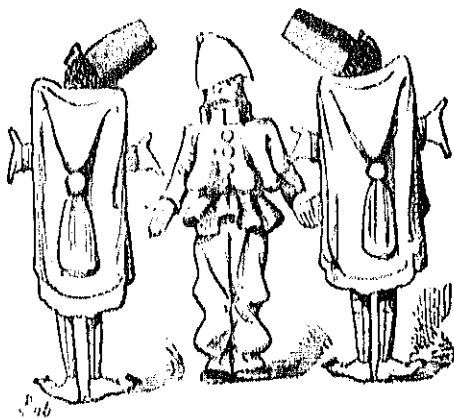
For weeks he trod his self-made beats  
Through Newport, Gerrard, Bear,  
Greek, Rupert, Frith, Dean, Poland Streets,  
And into Golden Square :  
But all, alas, in vain, for when  
He tried to learn the way  
Of little boys or grown-up men  
They none of them would say.



Their eyes would flash—their teeth would grin  
Their lips would tightly curl—  
They'd say, "Thy way thyself must find,  
Thou misdirecting churl!"

## CHAPTER IV Peter the Wag

And, similarly, also, when  
He tried a foreign friend;  
Italians answered, "Il fallen!"  
The French, "No comprend."



The Russ would say with gleaming eye  
"Sevastopol!" and groan.  
The Greek said, "Totto, tottopoul,  
Totto, tottopoul, tottopoul."  
To wander thus for many a year  
That Crusher never ceased—  
The Men of London dropped a tear  
Their anger was appeased.

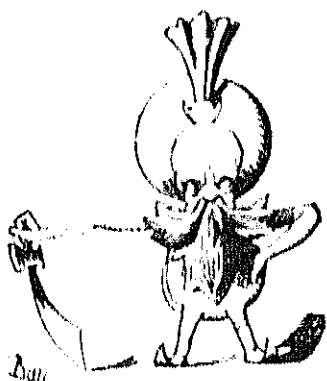
At length exploring gangs were sent  
To find poor Fortin's remains—  
A handsome grant by Parliament  
Was voted for their pains.

## Peter the Wag

To seek the poor policeman out  
Bold spirits volunteered,  
And when at length they solved the doubt  
The Men of London cheered.

And in a yard, dark, dank, and drear,  
They found him, on the floor—  
(It leads from Richmond Buildings —near  
The Royalty stage-door.)  
With brandy cold and brandy hot  
They plied him, starved and wet,  
And made him sergeant on the spot --  
The Men of London's pet!





## BEN ALLAH ACHMET ;

### OR, THE FATAL TUM

I ONCE did know a Turkish man  
Whom I upon a two-pair-back met,  
His name it was EFFENDI KHAN  
BACKSHIESH PASHA BEN ALLAH ACHMET.

A DOCTOR BROWN I also knew—  
I've often eaten of his bounty ;  
The Turk and he they lived at Hooe,  
In Sussex, that delightful county !

I knew a nice young lady there,  
Her name was EMILY MACPIERSON,  
And though she wore another's hair,  
She was an interesting person.

The Turk adored the maid of Hooe  
(Although his harem would have shocked her).  
But BROWN adored that maiden too :  
He was a most seductive doctor.

## Ben Allah Achmet

They'd follow her where'er she'd go—  
A course of action most improper;  
She neither knew by sight, and so  
For neither of them cared a copper.

Brown did not know that Turkish male,  
He might have been his sainted mother;  
The people in this simple tale  
Are total strangers to each other.

One day that Turk he sickened sore,  
And suffered agonies oppressive;  
He threw himself upon the floor  
And rolled about in pain excessive.

It made him moan, it made him groan,  
And almost wore him to a mummy.  
Why should I hesitate to own  
That pain was in his little tummy?

At length a doctor came, and rung  
(As ALLAH ACHMET had desired),  
Who felt his pulse, looked up his tongue,  
And hemmed and hawed, and then inquired

"Where is the pain that long has preyed  
Upon you in so sad a way, sir?"  
The Turk he giggled, blushed, and said:  
"I don't exactly like to say, sir."

"Come, nonsense!" said good Doctor Brown.  
"So this is Turkish coyness, is it?  
You must contrive to fight it down—  
Come, come, sir, please to be explicit."

Copyright 1907  
by Ben Allen

## Ben Allah Achmet

"Turk he lucky hit his thumb,  
and cowl blacked like one half-witted,  
"quinn no no hit a nail!"  
c, whinnying, at length admitted.

ren take you this, and take you that—  
our blood flows sluggish in its channel—  
must get rid of all this fat,  
and wear my medicated flannel.

will send for me when you're in need—  
dy name is Brown—your life I've saved it.  
y rival!" clucked the invalid,  
And drew a mighty sword and waved it:

his to thy wear and, Christian pest!"  
Aloud the Turk in frenzy yelled it,  
d drove right through the doctor's chest  
The sabre and the hand that held it.



The blow was a decisive one,  
And Doctor Brown grew deadly pasty,  
'Now see the mischief that you've done—  
You Turks are so extremely hasty.



## Ben Allah Achmed

"There are two DOCTOR BROWNS in Hooe—  
*He's* short and stout, *I'm* tall and wizen;  
You've been and run the wrong one through,  
That's how the error has arisen."

The accident was thus explained,  
Apologies were only heard now:  
"At my mistake I'm really pained—  
I am, indeed—upon my word now."

"With me, sir, you shall be interred,  
A mausoleum grand awaits me."  
"Oh, pray don't say another word,  
I'm sure that more than compensates me."

"But p'r'aps, kind Turk, you're full inside?"  
"There's room," said he, "for any number."  
And so they laid them down and died.  
In proud Stamboul they sleep their slumber.



## The Three Kings of Chickera-boo

"Three casks, from somebody else's stores,  
Shall represent our island shores,  
Their sides the ocean wide shall lave,  
Their heads just topping the briny wave.

"Great Britain's navy scours the sea,  
And everywhere her ships they be;  
She'll recognise our rank, perhaps,  
When she discovers we're Royal Chaps.

"If to her skirts you want to cling,  
It's quite sufficient that you're a king;  
She does not push inquiry far  
To learn what sort of king you are."

A ship of several thousand tons,  
And mounting seventy-something guns,  
Ploughed, every year, the ocean blue,  
Discovering kings and countries new.

The brave REAR-ADMIRAL BAILEY PIR,  
Commanding that magnificent ship,  
Perceived one day, his glasses through,  
The kings that came from Chickera-boo.

"Dear eyes!" said ADMIRAL PIR, "I see  
Three flourishing islands on our lee,  
And, bless me! most remarkable thing I  
On every island stands a king!"

"Come, lower the Admiral's gig," he cried,  
"And over the dancing waves I'll glide;  
That low obeisance I may do  
To those three kings of Chickera-boo!"

## The Three Kings of Chickerahou

The Admiral pulled to the island; three;  
The kings saluted him in good cheer;  
The Admiral, pleased at his welcome warm,  
Unrolled a printed Alliance form.



"Your Majesty, sign me this, I pray—  
I come in a friendly kind of way—  
I come, if you please, with the best intents,  
And QUEEN VICTORIA'S compliments."

The kings were pleased as they well could be;  
The most retiring of the three,  
In a "cellar-flap" to his joy gave vent  
With a banjo-bones accompaniment.

The great REAR-ADMIRAL BAILEY PIP  
Embarked on board his jolly big ship,  
Blue Peter flew from his lofty fore,  
And off he sailed to his native shore.

## 'The Three Kings of Chickeraboo

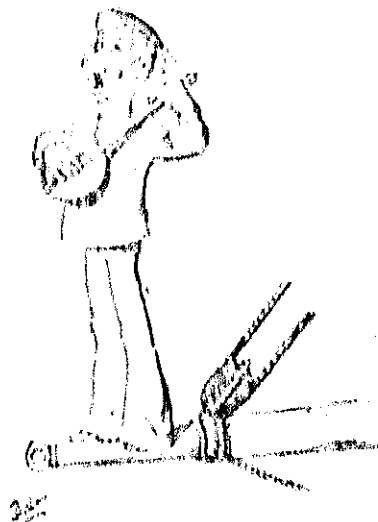
ADMIRAL PIP directly went  
To the Lord at the head of the Government,  
Who made him, by a stroke of a quill,  
BARON DE PIPE, OF PIPPELONNEVILLE.

The College of Heralds permission yield  
That he should quarter upon his shield  
Three islands, *viz*, on a field of blue,  
With the pregnant motto "Chickeraboo."

Ambassadors, yes, and attachés, too,  
Are going to sail for Chickeraboo.  
And, see, on the good ship's crowded deck,  
A bishop, who's going out there on spec.

And let us all hope that blissful things  
May come of alliance with darky kings,  
And, may we never, whatever we do,  
Declare a war with Chickeraboo!





JOE GOLIGHTLY  
OR, THE FIRST LORD'S DAUGHTER

A tall, but poorly prized,  
Long, shambling, and unsightly,  
Thrashed, bullied, and despised,  
Was wretched JOE GOLIGHTLY.

He bore a workhouse brand;  
No Pa or Ma had claimed him,  
The Beadle found him, and  
The Board of Guardians named him.

P'raps some Princess's son—  
A beggar p'raps his mother.  
*He* rather thought the one,  
*I* rather think the other.

## Joe Golightly

He liked his ship at sea,  
He loved the salt sea-water,  
He worshipped junk, and he  
Adored the First Lord's daughter.

The First Lord's daughter, proud,  
Snubbed Earls and Viscounts nightly ;  
She sneered at Barts. aloud,  
And spurned poor Joe Golightly

Whene'er he sailed afar  
Upon a Channel cruise, he  
Unpacked his light guitar  
And sang this ballad (Boosey):

## Ballad

The moon is on the sea,  
Willow !  
The wind blows towards the lee,  
Willow !  
But though I sigh and sob and cry,  
No Lady Jane for me,  
Willow !

She says, " 'Twere folly quite,  
Willow !  
For me to wed a wight,  
Willow !  
Whose lot is cast before the mast " ;  
And possibly she's right,  
Willow !

His skipper (CAPTAIN JOYCE),  
He gave him many a rating,  
And almost lost his voice  
From thus expostulating :

## Joe Golightly



"Lay off, you lubber, do!  
What's come to that young man, JOE?  
Helay! 'Vast heaving! you!  
Do kindly stop that banjo!

"I wish, I do—O lo'!—  
You'd shipped aboard a trader;  
*Are* you a sailor or  
A negro serenade?"

But still the stricken lad,  
Aloft or on his pillow,  
Howled forth in accents sad  
His aggravating "Willow!"

Stern love of duty had  
Been Joyce's chiefest beauty;  
Says he, "I love that lad,  
But duty, damme! duty!

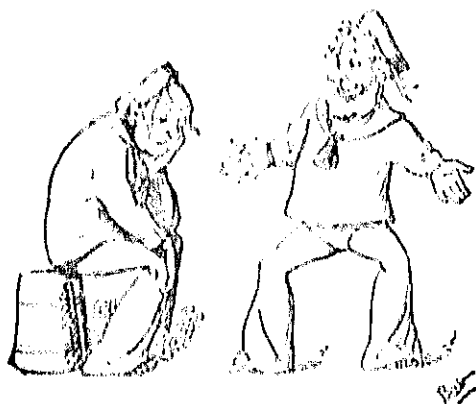
"'Twelve months' black-hole, I say,  
Where daylight never flashes;  
And always twice a day  
A good six dozen lashes!"



## Joe Golightly

But Joe had a mate,  
A sailor stout and lusty,  
A man of low estate,  
But singularly trusty.

Says he, "Cheer up, young Joe!  
I'll tell you what I'm arter -  
To that First Lord I'll go  
And ax him for his darter.



"To that First Lord I'll go  
And say you love her dearly."  
And Joe said (weeping low),  
"I wish you would, sincerely!"

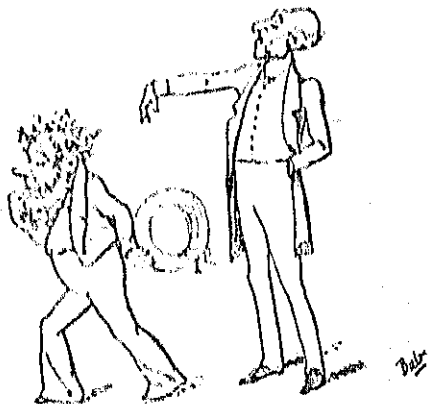
That sailor to that Lord  
Went, soon as he had landed,  
And of his own accord  
An interview demanded.

## Joe Golightly

Says he, with seaman's roll,  
"My Captain (woof) a Tartar!  
Gaw Joe takes monthly 'black hole,'  
For loving your daughter.

"He loves ME! LADY JANE!  
(Lawn she's in his better),  
But if you'll join them twain,  
They'll free him from his fetters.

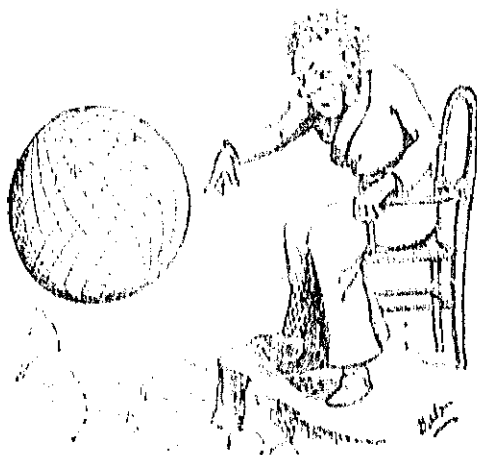
"And if so be as how  
You'll let her come aboard ship,  
I'll take her with me now."  
"Get lost!" remarked his Lordship.



That honest tar repaired  
To Joe upon the billow,  
And told him how he'd fared.  
Joe only whispered, "Willow!"

## Joe Golightly

And for that dreadful crime  
    (Young sailors, learn to shun it)  
He's working out his time ;  
    In six months he'll have done it.



## TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!  
Through pathless realms of Space  
Roll on!

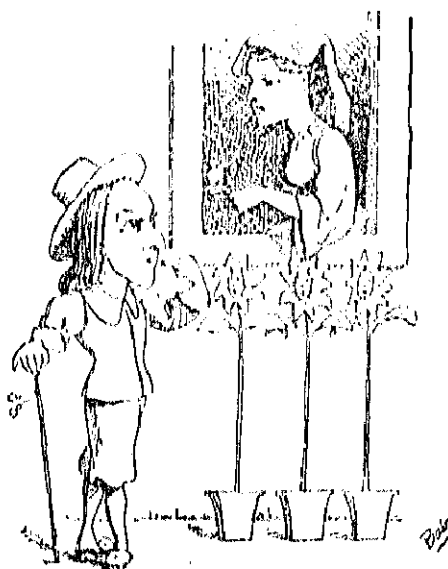
What though I'm in a sorry case?  
What though I cannot meet my bills?  
What though I suffer toothache's ills?  
What though I swallow countless pills?  
Never *you* mind I  
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!  
Through seas of inky air  
Roll on!  
It's true I have no shirts to wear;

## To the Terrestrial Globe

It's true my butcher's bill is due ;  
It's true my prospects all look blue—  
But don't let that unsettle you :  
    Never *you* mind !  
    Roll on !

*[It rolls on.]*



## GENTLE ALICE BROWN

It was a robber's daughter, and her name was ALICE BROWN,  
 Her father was the terror of a small Italian town;  
 Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old thing;  
 But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As ALICE was a-sitting at her window-sill one day  
 A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass that way;  
 She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true,  
 That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman  
     like you!"

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen,  
 She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten,  
 A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily road  
 (The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).







## Index to First Lines

	PAGE
Letters, letters, letters, letters ! . . . . .	125
List while the poet trolls . . . . .	6
Lord B. was a nobleman bold . . . . .	107
Macphairson Cloughlocketty Angus McClan . . . . .	158
No nobler captain ever trod . . . . .	120
O'er unreclaimed suburban clay . . . . .	112
Of all the good attorneys who . . . . .	86
Of all the ships upon the blue . . . . .	1
Of all the youths I ever saw . . . . .	65
Oh, list to this incredible tale . . . . .	143
Oh ! little maid !— (I do not know your name) . . . . .	58
Oh, that my soul its gods could see . . . . .	50
Only a dancing girl . . . . .	11
Policeman Peter Forth I drag . . . . .	164
Roll on, thou ball, roll on ! . . . . .	183
Sir Guy was a doughty crusader . . . . .	23
Strike the concertina's melancholy string ! . . . . .	153
The bravest names for fire and flames . . . . .	13
The REVEREND MICAH SOWLS . . . . .	96
There were three niggers of Chickendoo . . . . .	173
'Twas on the shores that round our coast . . . . .	70
Vast, empty shell ! . . . . .	105

# Illustrated Pocket Classics

*Fap. 8vo. Cloth, 4s. 6d. net. Leather, 5s. net each.*

With Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON, SIR JOHN TENNIEL,  
CHARLES E. BROCK, and other well-known Artists.

BY JANE AUSTEN.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.  
SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.  
EMMA.  
MANSFIELD PARK.  
NORTHANGER ABBEY AND PERSUASION.

BY LEWIS CARROLL.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND,  
THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS, AND WHAT  
ALICE FOUND THERE.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.  
THE DEERSLAYER.  
THE PATHEFINDER.

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

CASTLE RACKRENT AND THE ABSENTEE.  
ORMOND.  
POPULAR TALES.  
HELEN.  
BELINDA.  
THE PARENTS' ASSISTANT.

BY SIR W. S. GILBERT.

BAB BALLADS.  
MORE BAB BALLADS.

LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.



